

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθείαν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

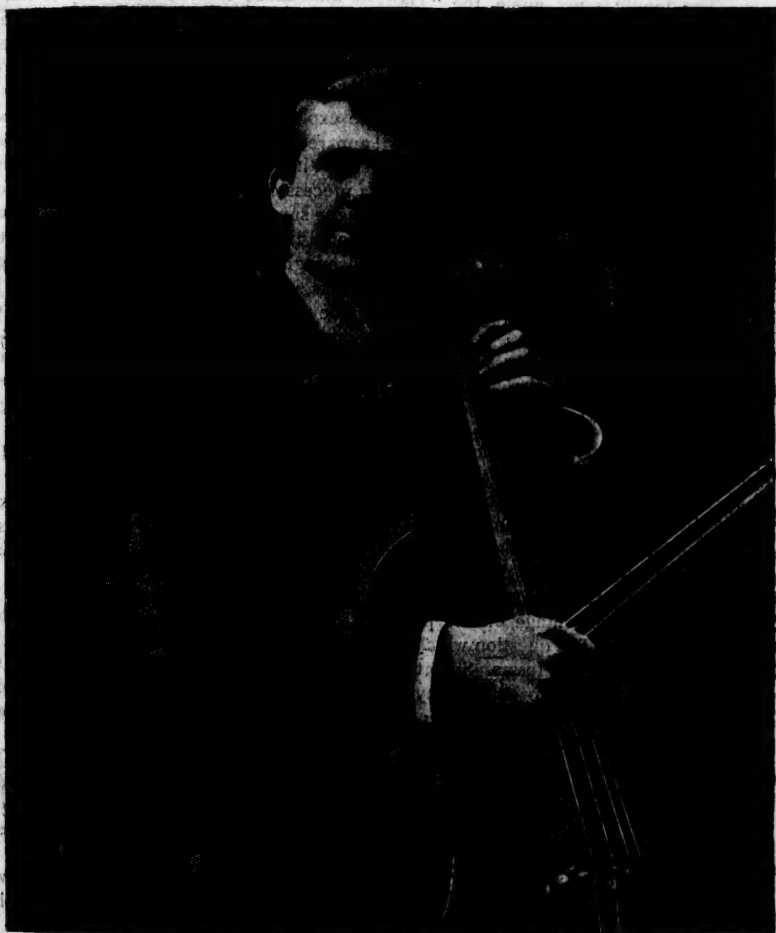
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Mr. W. H. Squire.



If only Mr. W. H. Squire continues to develop at his present pace, he will undoubtedly be the 'cellist of the coming generation. His recent playing at the Crystal Palace concerts, as well as innumerable smaller concerts at St. James's Hall and elsewhere, has shown conclusively that his powers are leagues ahead of the ordinary 'cellist, and it has been interesting to watch how they grow from month to month. Mr. Squire was born in Ross, Hertfordshire, in 1871, so now is barely twenty-four years of age. His parents were both musical, his mother a highly trained pianist and his father a capable violinist. When only six years old Mr. Squire began to work at the 'cello under his father's guidance, and continued to do so until 1883, when he gained a scholarship at the Royal College of Music. This was for three years, but he showed such promise that the period, in accordance with the sensible usage of the College, was extended to six years. At the end of that time he left and began to play at concerts in London and in the provinces. His real London debut, however, was made at an Albeniz concert in 1891, where Mr. Squire

achieved a very genuine success, and proved to the critics that here was a man who was master of his instrument. Since then he has played at more concerts than ever, and is, I believe, a great favourite in the provinces. His Crystal Palace first appearance on April 27 was the occasion of very high praise from the critic of the *Saturday Review*, who specially mentioned Mr. Squire's rich and sympathetic tone in the lower registers of his instrument. Mr. Squire was sub-principal at the Italian opera during the seasons 1891-2, and he was principal 'cello during the last season. He plays on a very valuable instrument, made two or three hundred years ago by Carlo Bergonzi, formerly in the possession of Libotton, and that 'cello is said to be coveted by every other player in London. Mr. Squire, however, shows no desire to give it away yet, so that it is useless to ask him for it. He has composed a number of interesting 'cello pieces, and it is to be hoped that he will try his hand on a concerto, or some equally important work, for the 'cello repertoire is astonishingly thin.

Au Courant.

WHAT is the most difficult composition for the piano? A number of French pianists have been consulted on the question, with naturally varied results. There is a general agreement that difficulties of style are much less easy to overcome than difficulties of technique. From the standpoint of mechanical difficulty, M. Marmontel thinks Beethoven's Sonata Op. 3 the most redoubtable piece. M. Diémer and M. Planté accord the palm to Balackireff's "L'Islemy," and M. Pfeiffer finds himself embarrassed between the claims of Liszt's "Rhapsodies and Studies," Tausig's "Transcriptions," and Alkan's "Variations." M. Delaborde discreetly and enigmatically replies that the most difficult piece for him is invariably the piece which he happens to be playing at any moment. To M. de Bériot the modest scale—demanding as it does the most perfect equality throughout—is the supreme difficulty, and one must work at it, he declares, until one's last breath.

* * *

A FEW advance copies of the full programme of the Leeds Festival have been issued. The *Messiah*, for the first time at Leeds for nearly twenty years, will open the Festival on October 2; but the chief novelty of the gathering, Dr. Hubert Parry's *Invocation Music*, will be produced on the first evening. This is a comparatively short work in nine numbers, some of them rather elaborate, and the whole occupying more than an hour in performance. The only other choral novelty is Mr. Arthur Somervell's *The Forsaken Merchant*, described as a "Lyric" for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra. The other novelties will be orchestral—a new suite in D minor by Mr. Edward German, and a symphonic poem, "The Visions," by M. Massenet, who will come expressly from Paris to conduct it. Herr Emil Sauer will play at two concerts, and, of course, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducts.

* * *

RUBINSTEIN, as everybody knows, by his will left a certain amount of money, the interest of which was to be accumulated for five years to form a prize for the best pianoforte concerto, which, according to the conditions of the bequest, must be performed for the first time in public by the composer himself. The first of these quinquennial competitions took place at Berlin on August 10, before a jury of musicians nominated by the directors of the leading conservatoires of the continent. The second contest, in 1900, will take place in Vienna, and that of 1905 in Paris. London is left out of the reckoning, but as the *Daily News* remarks, that is not surprising, considering Rubinstein's declaration that the English are "the least musical of people; not more than two per cent. can be found who have any knowledge of music. While I am deeply sensible of their kindness to

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me, I cannot refrain from saying that their ignorance of music is only exceeded by their lack of appreciation."

* * *

MASSNET is said to be "positively mad" over Nikita, the American prima donna. He sees in the little lady what he declares he has only once before known—an ideal *Manon*. Massenet, by the way, never uses his Christian name either on his compositions, or in letters. There are two Jules Massenets, he says. "One is my nephew, and the other is myself. We are both composers. To distinguish between us, I always sign my name Massenet. My nephew always adds Jules to his name. It has often occurred that he has received royalties from my songs and I from his. A great number of the photographs purporting to represent me are not mine; they are those of my nephew, who resembles me in a remarkable degree." So Jules Massenet is not, after all, Massenet! They are, so to speak, a pair of musical dromios.

* * *

RICHARD STRAUSS, says a gossip, cannot write to order. He never works when disinclined, and weeks, even months, pass without his taking his pen into his hand. In these hours of idleness he will draw, garden, or play at billiards. Suddenly he will turn to work again, and continue with a perfect fever. He makes notes of his ideas as they occur to him. He will leave the table or a game to write down a thought, and often in a strange house he will make a pencil note on his cuff of a motive which the same evening will perhaps be made the theme of a favourite waltz. His *salon* is a veritable museum of pious homage and precious souvenirs from intimate friends. The crowns and laurels of public glory have a special sanctuary in a pavilion which is never thrown open.

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THE moral characteristics of musical instruments would be a fine subject for discussion by someone of the Max Nordau type. A well-known composer of comic opera once created some amusement at a rehearsal by telling the band that madness was always depicted by the flute. This was akin to the view of Aristotle, the old Greek philosopher, who held that the moral effect of flute tone was bad and exciting. M. Zola, however, believes that the flute is quite harmless; indeed, he regards it as emblematical of platonic affection. On the other hand, he looks upon the clarinet as quite an "immoral" instrument, the tone of which gives him the idea of sensual love. Perhaps, not being much of a musician, Zola refers to the *base-clarinet*! At any rate, it is well to remember, for the sake of the clarinettists, that Berlioz, no mean authority, heard in the clarinet the voice of "heroic love." "Nothing," said he, "is so virginal, so pure, as the tone of a clarinet." It would be a sad state of matters if the playing of the clarinet led men into the divorce courts.

* * *

MRS. A. B. WILSON tells a good story of Patti. During the diva's first tour in America, under Strakosch, she had one night finished a difficult aria from *La Sonnambula* when her eye lit upon a little girl just her age on the front seat, with whom she had been playing at the hotel. They exchanged smiles, and Patti ran off. Appearing in answer to the vociferous demands of the audience, during the interlude to her encore song she stopped, bowed long enough to say in a stage whisper, "Emma, come back here and play when I have finished this song. I've got my doll." The contrast between the aria and doll was too great! It brought down the house.

SIGNOR SONZOGNO, driven out of Paris by the threatened hostility of certain French journalists, thinks of transferring to Berlin the scheme of producing by an Italian company the chief works of the young Italian school, of which he owns the copyrights. One may doubt whether the Berlin journalists will be any more complaisant than their French brethren; and as for the Berlin musical public, they probably know already all the works in the Sonzogno repertoire which are worth knowing.

* * *

ONE of the De Reszké brothers, Victor, is, as was his father before him, a hotel-keeper in Warsaw. The family is not noble, the "De" being a recent prefix. The Reszkés are Jews—at any rate, on the side of the father, who was a cantor in a Warsaw synagogue. The mother was a French opera singer, and a sister, a very attractive woman and a most satisfactory artist, used to be heard at the Grand Opera in Paris. The old report has been renewed that Jean de Reszké is getting married to the Countess de Maille. Jean has certainly been paying marked attention to the Countess for many years, but it is doubtful if he will marry her. If he does, says the *Musical Courier*, he will lose his hold on the *matinée* girl. Paderewski knows the advantage of remaining an interesting and inconsolable widower, and De Reszké is, perhaps, just as well to keep single.

* * *

A CURIOUS case has arisen in connection with the publishing rights of Wagner's works, held by Messrs. Schott, of Mayence. It seems that in 1885 Messrs. Schott entered into a contract with M. Victor Wilder to translate certain of Wagner's operas into French. He was to be paid a fixed sum for each opera translated, and in addition a certain percentage on the profits of each performance. The question which has now come up is whether Messrs. Schott are bound by the agreement not to engage any one to make a second translation. The heirs of M. Wilder say they are so bound, but a new translation of *Die Meistersinger* has already been made and has been sung at the Harcourt concerts, and the heirs of M. Wilder demand not only 10,000 francs for damage already received, but stipulate further for 25,000 francs for every new translation which shall supplant that of M. Wilder. It seems that the rights in these translations are all the patrimony which the translator's children will receive, and M. Wilder devoted a great part of his life to spreading the fame of Wagner.

* * *

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has chosen Mr. Betjemann to succeed Mr. Carrodus as leader of the Covent Garden orchestra. Mr. Betjemann has had a very wide experience in music, and is versatile enough to have figured at various times in the characters of actor, vocalist, violinist, and conductor. He has been connected with the orchestra at Covent Garden since 1858, and has for some time led the second violins. He is well known as the conductor of the Highbury Philharmonic Society, and as the director of the opera class at the R.A.M. Last December, when this class performed *Carmen*, the principal baritone did not turn up, and Mr. Betjemann dressed for the part and went through it capitably.

* * *

MASTER PEDGRIFT, the English boy soprano, late soloist at St. Thomas', Regent Street, has returned to England after fulfilling a most successful year's engagement as leading soloist at the Church of the Ascension, Chicago. At the Easter services the church was crowded to the

doors, and admission in the forenoon was by ticket only. It is quite an unique performance for a boy soloist to cross the Atlantic at such an early age as ten and with brilliant success to hold the position of principal soloist in a large American choir. Master Pedgrift is the possessor of a voice of rare quality and of great range.

* * *

ACCORDING to the *Gazette* of the Orchestral Association, which ought to know, fiddlers have a reputation for being thirsty souls. The author of a recent advertisement in a Birmingham paper evidently bore this in mind when he announced that he was ready to teach the violin "at sixpence a lesson; bun and glass of milk included." The composer in "Mamma" asks his uncle if he has ever noticed the effect of a glass of milk on a penny bun. "It swells," he explains, and he proceeds to tell how this apparently innocent refreshment had, in the skilful hands of his mother-in-law, gone through a process of expansion until it became a champagne supper in a private room. A wise caution should therefore be exercised in regard to the Birmingham advertisement. But, barring fatal effects, it might be possible to get even better value than the bun and milk gentleman offers. Some time ago a window notice might have been seen in a north country town which set forth that, on application within, violin lessons could be had at eightpence apiece, with egg and bacon gratis between 8 and 10 A.M. The place was a public house, and if you had gone into the bar to make inquiries, you would have seen the legend: "An undertaker calls every morning for orders." The eggs and bacon apparently did not quite agree with the eightpenny fiddle lessons!

* * *

THE arrangements for the principal series of concerts and recitals for the coming season have now been made, and may here be summarised. Three Richter concerts will be given on October 21, 28, and November 4. Two Wagner concerts will be given at the Queen's Hall on November 12 and 26, the former conducted by Herr Mottl, and the latter by Herr Levi. Mr. Henschel announces 11 symphony concerts, of which 10 will be devoted to the music of Beethoven. Performances will be given of all the great master's symphonies, nine overtures and the violin concerto which will be played by Mr. Sons. The second piano-forte concerto will be played by Miss Fanny Davies, the third and fourth by Madame Haas and the fifth by Mr. Leonard Borwick. The concerts will begin on November 7 and end on March 19. The Crystal Palace concerts will begin on October 19. Messrs. Boosey will, as previously, give two series of ballad concerts at St. James's Hall and at the Queen's Hall. The dates for the popular concerts are on Mondays from November 4 to December 23, and January 6 to March 30, and on Saturdays from November 9 to December 21, and January 4 to March 28. A series of promenade concerts will be given at Queen's Hall, beginning on August 10, under the musical direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood. It is possible that a short season of opera in English will be given at Covent Garden, beginning in October, under the management of Mr. Hedmont, late of the Carl Rosa Company. The principal solo pianist, who will be heard before Christmas, is Herr Rosenthal, his dates being October 30, November 13, and December 9.



The late W. G. Levey.

SINCE the last acknowledgment in the *Era* of amounts received for the relief of the widow and orphans of the late composer and conductor, W. Levey, who died last year, leaving his family entirely destitute, the Hon. Secretaries of the Westminster Orchestral Society have appealed to the subscribers of that Association, and the result is appended below. It is with regret that we now have to inform our readers that the poor widow is dying. Her condition is pronounced hopeless. In fact, before these lines are in print it is probable that she may have breathed her last. It will be understood that, in consequence of this additional calamity, the expenses of medical attendance have greatly absorbed the amounts hitherto collected, and, when this second funeral has been paid for, there will remain but little over for the orphans. It is, therefore, hoped that other subscriptions to the fund will be forthcoming. These will be thankfully received by William H. Cummings, Esq., F.S.A., of Sydcote, West Dulwich, and duly acknowledged in the columns of the *Era*.

Result of the appeal to members of the Westminster Orchestral Society:—

His Grace, the Duke of Westminster, K.G. (President), £5; The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, £5; Chas. Stewart Macpherson, Esq., £5; Sir Benjamin Baker, K.C.M.G., £2 2s.; H. C. Macpherson, Esq., £1 2s.; John Coppen, Esq., £1; The Hon. R. Strutt, £1; Herbert Lake, Esq., 10s. 6d.; Harold Macpherson, Esq., 10s. 6d.; Sir Juland Danvers, K.C.S.I. (Chairman of the Council), 10s.; Mrs. Coppen, 10s.; The Misses Coppen, 10s.; John Gay, Esq., 10s.; John Francis Barnett, Esq., 5s.; Miss Lucy Broadwood, 5s.; Miss Constance Egerton, 5s.; G. R. Hemmerde, Esq., 5s.; James Kahn, Esq., 5s.; Zephaniah King, Esq., F.R.I.B.A., 5s.; Robert Leighton, Esq., 5s.; Miss Liddiard, 5s.; J. Mackey, Esq., 5s.; Rev. G. Napier, M.A., 5s.; Walter Macfarren, Esq., 5s.; Frederick Rose, Esq., 5s.; Dr. Gordon Saunders, 5s.; Miss Edith Sweepstone, 5s.; F. Napier Sutton, Esq., 5s.; General Chas. A. Sim, 4s.; Mrs. Chas. A. Sim, 4s.; W. F. Kingdon, Esq., 3s.; Mlle. Nawik-Nillan, 2s. 6d.; Francis Allan, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Alger non Black, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Frederic W. Davis, Esq., 2s. 6d.; E. Desbois, Esq., 2s. 6d.; F. H. Duffield, Esq., 2s. 6d.; J. H. P. Gilbertson, Esq., 2s. 6d.; A. Rolfe Hodges, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Raymont Kirby, Esq., Mus. Bac., 2s. 6d.; B. G. C. Sawyer, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Twyford Taylor, Esq., 2s. 6d.; F. Weber, Esq., (Organist Germ. Ch. Royal), 2s. 6d.; H. Burnett, Esq., 2s.; Miss Hemmerde, 2s.; W. Parrott, Esq., 2s.; R. W. Cross, Esq., 2s.; Robert Fulton, Esq., 2s.; Chas. S. Jekyll, Esq., 1s.; J. R. Jekyll, Esq., 1s.; James Meade, Esq.; Chas. Moir, Esq., 1s.; William E. Horn, Algernon S. Rose, Hon. Secs., 10s. each: Total, £30 12s.

Our Musical Critic Adrift.

WHAT time the swallow sadly learns that it has eaten all there is to eat in the land, that the days of plenty are past, and the frigid days of famine close at hand, it wings to other and more hospitable lands, there to fatten, as fatten it may, upon alien substitutes for English grown grub, worms, and berries and all manner of things that creep and crawl and grow. The remark is trite, the fact has been observed before, but true literary skill largely consists (to use the language of musical criticism) in getting new effects out of old and familiar things; and as there is no musical criticism for me to do, I wish to show that my skill in literature is true by drawing a comparison between the swallow and the musical critic, with an effect surely very hard to beat for shining, gloss, and brand-newness. Consider the musical critic, his grace and elegance, his flights of imagination and rhetoric, his pounces upon the miserable worms of artists who crawl and creep supplicating at his feet; consider, too, how when the season is spent, the last worm devoured, he skims lightly and airily away to distant regions and makes copy of things to him strange and unfamiliar, though neither unfamiliar nor strange to any country schoolboy. Mr. Clement Scott has never fallen so low as to become a musical critic; but he is the next worst—a dramatic critic; and he cannot stay a week at a farmhouse without informing the world, in a neatly printed volume and flatulent language, that cocks crow and hens lay eggs, while hens seldom crow and cocks never lay eggs, that milk comes from a cow, and turnips do not grow on bushes. Thus does the dramatic critic of the *Daily*

Telegraph turn into cash the exceeding great surprise that follows, as night the day on his greater ignorance of all the facts of the real world; thus does he fatten on that ignorance and surprise; and if his musical brother, and that brother's brothers of other journals and periodicals do not follow his notable example, it is only, I assume, because they could only imitate Mr. Clement Scott, only, in fact, express in less appropriate terms the surprise he has already expressed so well. Here my comparison between critic and swallow, having served its purpose by introducing the subject, breaks down, for the swallow, happily, is denied the faculty of publishing a volume about the habits of foreign grub and worms.

Shall I, a critic, a swallow, having alighted in these ultimate parts of the earth, give my readers, in place of my opinions on artists and their achievements, an account of the local cows, and hens, and ducks, and their achievements? Surely not; I assume that my readers know, even if Mr. Clement Scott's do not know, that ducks swim and lay eggs, when disposed, that hens, also when disposed, lay eggs and do not swim, that cows have four legs, and are milked morning and evening. But I do tell my readers that if they wish to keep in touch with nature, if they do not wish to become so hopelessly civilized that, like Mr. Clement Scott, cows and ducks and hens are a matter of surprise to them, they must, like myself, leave civilization for so many months in the year as they are able, and live where life does not mean concerts, opera, the morning and weekly papers, tall hats and hansoms, but an entire absence of all these, and instead of them, the green banks, the splashing sea, the pure air, the reflection of blue sky and white cloud in the shining wet sand, the smell of dewy earth and the fresh seaweed. Stretched on a bent-grown sandhill, basking in the sun, with a soft wind hissing gently through the bents and tempering the sun's heat on my reddening and browning face, what does it matter to me who played at St. James's Hall on the 10th of July, or what opera was given at Covent Garden that evening? what do I care if both Covent Garden and St. James's were burnt to the ground last night, and round their ashes congregate with mournful countenances Mr. Vert, Mr. Daniel Mayer, and all the critics to whom St. James's and Covent Garden were life itself in its fulness, while at the back of the crowd Mr. Robert Newman (of Queen's Hall) alone looks joyful? In London I love St. James's Hall as well as another; but here, amidst the sanitative influences of Nature, I realize that they do not hold life in its fulness. Here, here alone, amidst trees and grass-covered hills, and in the sweet pure air, is life, not indeed in its fulness, but at any rate in its essence. Sweep away these and the race would perish off the face of the earth, or—what is much the same—become a race of Clement Scotts, a race civilized and de-humanized; while if St. James's Hall and Covent Garden were swept off, only a few artists and critics would be the worse, and the general population of London so much the better.

Perhaps I am going too far; perhaps, nauseated with a long continued daily overdose of concerts and opera, I am inclined to undervalue their worth in the general scheme of creation. Probably after three months of this life I should again weary for the glittering lamp-lit London streets, for the gay and luxurious London concert halls, for the familiar benches and plat-forms, and the faces I have so often seen on both. That is the worst of our modern life: we are everlastingly taking an overdose of something. Either it is music from November till August of the next year, or the country, or

seaside, from August until November. Surely it were better, infinitely better, if we could take both together and in moderation. If only these great brilliant cities could be abolished;—and as I think the thought an uneasy feeling runs through me—for a world without its London, what would it be? I, no more than another, could live in such a world for long, or with pleasure in the living. So civilized, so modern, are those of us who long most fervently for simplicity and sanity of life that we could not sign London's death warrant, nor the death warrant of civilization, if a stroke of the pen would do it. At the present moment London to me is nothing, yet I cannot, when the thought rouses me to think of it, wish London abolished. Is it because I feel that in London I earn the money wherewith I pay the simple fisher folk who provide me with lodging in this village of seven houses and a population of twenty-five, that I buy the cigarettes I smoke in so rapid succession during the living day and part of the half-dead night, that I procure the very bathing drawers which form my sole link with civilization while I disport me in the green and white-frothing sea? Anyhow, whatever the cause, London is indispensable to me as to other mortals, yet I feel that without frequent recourse to the primitive life of this seaside spot I could not criticise half so well as I do in London. The walking, the bathing, the basking in the white sunlight on hot afternoons, all make for physical health, as do the early getting to bed and early rising, and the regular stroll after supper; but even these joys are small beside the power of realizing the place that the singer, player, composer, even the musical critic, occupy in the world. The world was not created for these, these were created for only a small portion of the world, and whether they come or go, the great tide of life, the winds and the waters, and all that live in water or air, or on the solid earth, go on steadily, sanely, healthily, without fever or fret; go on now, and will still go on when music and all things musical have ceased for ever. And having thought thus—lying prone as I now lie, with elbows in the sand and chin in hand, looking over the sea—now iron grey under passing clouds—and feeling the winds about me, and hearing the sounds of the winds, realizing with immense serene delight that I find the greatest joy of my life in the things that go on and not in those that perish, I think once more of the busy, bustling, musical life of London, and realize, finally, that great as are the continent inexhaustible joys of the things that abide, I, modern, could not find in them a full satisfaction were the gate closed to me that leads to the joys that do not abide. For every man and woman born under this dispensation is, in the modern sense, modern, and can no more free himself or herself of modernity than leap out of his or her shadow.

See! am I not after all like Mr. Clement Scott? have I not set forth gravely the ancient platitudes that every one knows; figuratively, have I not remarked that hens lay eggs and that milk comes from the cow? Well, perhaps not quite; hens and cows are ancient, but the thoughts and feelings of the nineteenth century are not ancient, and only those know them who have fully experienced them, and probably not so many have experienced them as know the natural history of eggs and milk. Anyhow, whether I resemble Mr. Clement Scott or not, I have indicated to my readers the wholly irrational way in which a musical critic spends his holidays, when he might easily be killing himself in Brighton, that London by the sea, or listening to the sweet strains of the niggers on the sands at Margate.

The Musical Pitch Question.

THE important question of altering our English musical pitch is again being agitated; indeed, in some quarters, it has actually been resolved to adopt the Continental standard without further delay. Reforms are proverbially of slow growth, otherwise it would be very difficult to understand why musicians and makers of musical instruments have so long endured the great practical inconveniences attendant on a varying pitch. No doubt there are difficulties—very serious difficulties—in the way. But they are not insuperable. As Dr. Hullah said a quarter of a century ago, they are difficulties of detail only; or, to put the matter in its simplest aspect, difficulties of pounds, shillings, and pence. How are the expenses of the change to be met? How are orchestral players—generally the worst paid of all artists—to replace their costly instruments? It must be remembered, too, that this is no case for bit-by-bit reform. The pitch must be changed, if it is to be changed at all, *at once*; and it is clear that, when the time for doing this arrives, a vast number of existing instruments will have to submit to considerable modification, and many will be rendered altogether useless. Even modification will be costly; sacrifice, of course, much more so. But we have all seen greater difficulties than these tided over. Let it be shown that this is no mere personal question—no matter of convenience to particular performers, great or small, old or young—but, on the contrary, a question affecting the pleasure, and, as Handel would have said, the “improvement,” of all who love music, and somehow or other, sooner or later—the sooner the better—it will be carried.

An investigation of the historical side of this question of a standard pitch brings out many interesting details. We have no positive data as to the pitch used in the earliest music of our present form; but there are circumstances which seem to show that the treble C of the time must have lain somewhere between 480 and 532 vibrations per second. At a later period we have the more definite evidence of organ pipes; and this evidence shows clearly that the pitch varied considerably, according to the nature of the music used, there being very different pitches for sacred and secular purposes respectively. The church pitch was much higher, and the chamber pitch much lower—perhaps to the extent of a minor third—than the pitch is now. If we bear this in mind, it will serve as an explanation of several things. Much of the church music of the time of Purcell indicates the use of what may be called the “sacred” pitch. As Dr. Hullah pointed out, not only is the *tessitura* of all the parts, *to the eye*, very low, but certain passages, not in exceptional solos, but in choral services for daily use, are beyond the reach of the majority of basses, even at our present pitch. On the other hand, the secular music of the same masters looks as extravagantly high as the church music looks low—indicating equally the use of a “secular” pitch. It is incredible that any considerable number of persons should ever have sung the songs in (say) the *Orpheus Britannicus* at a pitch even approximating to ours; equally incredible that entire volumes of chamber music should have been sold in large numbers which hardly any one could perform as it was printed. For Purcell's G substitute our present E, and all

difficulty disappears: his passages are then at once brought within easy reach of the voices for which they were intended.

The inconveniences of the two standards of pitch seem to have been found out, and then an attempt was made to introduce a *Mean Pitch* which should reconcile the requirements of the church with those of the chamber. Dr. Pole tells us that it was about a whole tone above the lowest, and a minor third below the highest pitch used. The effort to introduce this Mean Pitch was successful, and the evidence shows that from this date for about two centuries, down to about the death of Beethoven, the pitch in use was tolerably uniform. During this period lived and wrote all the greatest musicians, including Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, and partly Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Rossini. That is to say, the heroes of music, the founders and perfectors of modern musical art, all thought out their music and arranged it to be played and sung in this Mean Pitch. What, then, *was* that pitch? What do we know about it?

The late Mr. A. J. Ellis gives a long list of examples taken at various dates over this period, varying for A from 415 to 429, or for C from 498 to 515 vibrations. Then there is the still existing evidence of Handel's pitch-pipe, which was formerly in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The late Mr. Rockstro says that a friend of his, on whose accuracy he could depend, compared this pipe, in 1880, with the organ in Gloucester Cathedral—the pitch of which is just too low for the wind instruments to tune to—and found it “a mere shade below that.” But there is even more definite evidence than this. Handel's tuning fork, now (or lately) the property of the Rev. G. T. Driffeld, Rector of Bow, is enclosed in a box inscribed: “This Pitchfork was the property of the Immortal Handel, and left by him at the Foundling Hospital when the *Messiah* was performed in 1751. Ancient Concert whole tone higher; Abbey half tone higher; Temple and St. Paul's organs exactly with this pitch.” The pitch of this fork is A 422½, C 507, coinciding with the standard C adopted by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, but flatter by five vibrations than that proposed for the Society of Arts by Dr. Hullah, in 1859, and used by him in his classes.

Handel's pitch would have formed a reasonably good standard to maintain, but unfortunately it was disturbed by influences arising from modern progress. “The orchestra began to assume greater importance as regards its wind element, new and improved wind instruments being introduced, and the use of them being much extended. This led to a constant desire for louder and more exciting effects, and both makers and users of wind instruments soon perceived that such effects might be enhanced by raising slightly the pitch of the sounds. The wind instruments were, of course, the standards in an orchestra, and so a gradual rise crept in, which both strings and voices were obliged to follow. The conductors, who ought, in the interests of good music, to have checked this, were either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the mischief that was being done, until at length it assumed alarming proportions.” In 1878 the Opera band at Covent Garden were playing at about A 450 or C 540; that is to say, a semitone higher than the “classical pitch” used down to Beethoven's day.

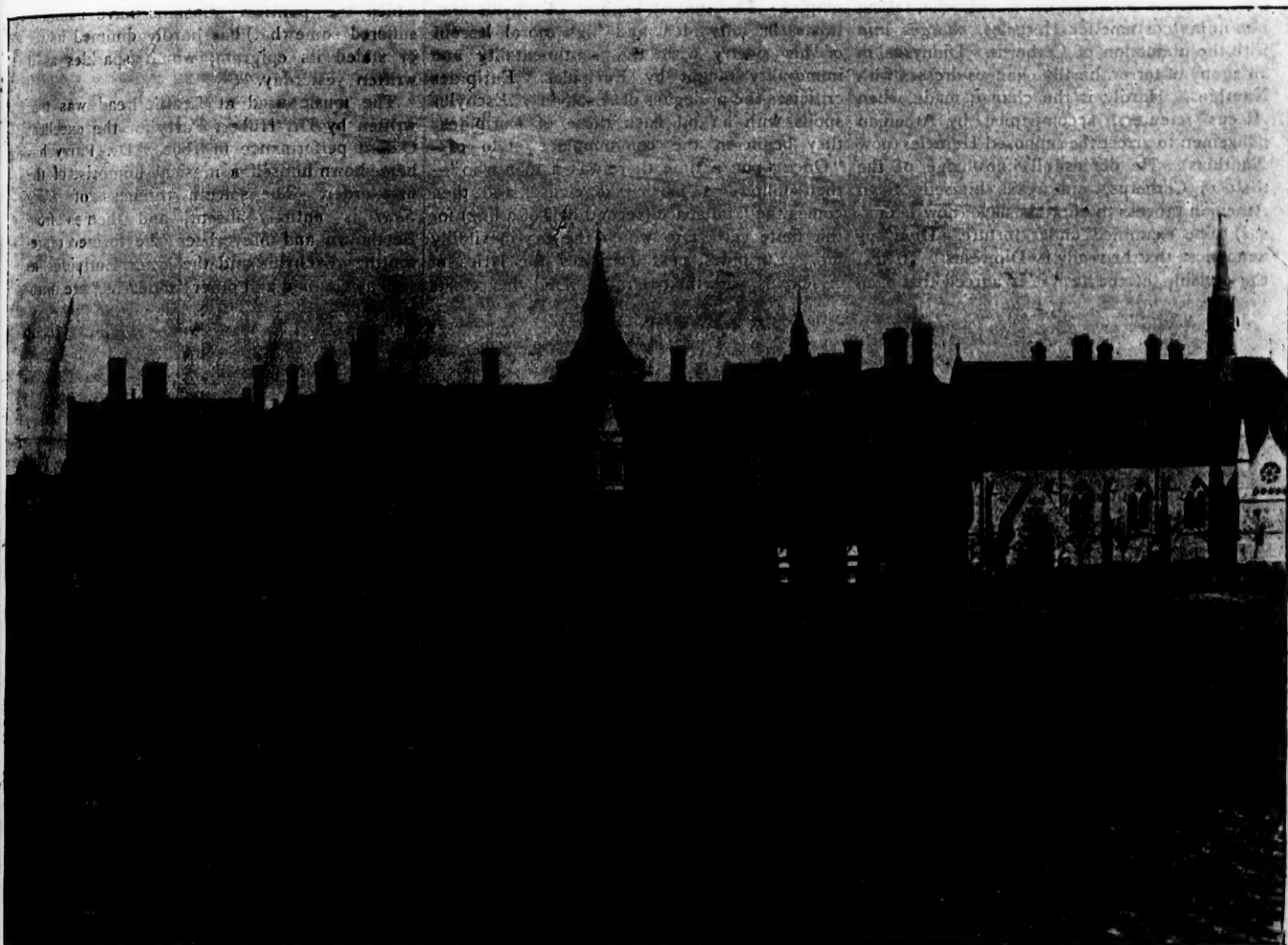
Such a change was attended with many evils. “It altered the character of the best compositions; it tended to spoil the performance and ruin the voices of the best singers; and it threw the musical world into confusion from the uncertainty as to the practical meaning of the symbols used; and all for no object whatever,

as no one could affirm that the new pitch was on any ground better than the old one.” Accordingly, strong remonstrances were made from time to time, and efforts made to restore the original pitch. Nothing came of the agitation in England, but in 1858 the French Government appointed a commission of musicians and physicists to deal with the matter, and the result of their deliberations was the adoption of what is known as the French Diapason Normal, which is the pitch now proposed for England. This pitch represents for C (by equal temperament) 517 vibrations per second, which is the merest shade above the Handelian pitch.

While the question of *uniformity* of pitch concerns the instrumentalist much more than the vocalist, it is the latter who is mainly concerned with its *lowerings*. Many bandmasters and conductors will probably declare in favour of continuing the present high pitch, on the ground of its supposed greater “brilliance.” But the high pitch is certainly ruinous to the voice; and much of the old music has to be put out of the running if it is to be executed as it stands. It must be admitted, of course, that impediments stand in the way of ascertaining directly the effects of the high pitch on the quality and probable endurance of voices. A remonstrance in respect of it on the part of a singer might be too readily interpreted as a confession of weakness; and a premature decay of physical power might be imputed to an artist who protested against the gratuitous exertion which an extravagantly high pitch obliges him to undergo. As a matter of fact this has actually happened in the case of Mr. Sims Reeves. When some years ago the eminent tenor refused any longer to do violence to his voice by singing music at a pitch in some cases nearly a tone higher than that at which its composer intended it to be sung, a large number of people simply declared that he was losing his voice. The same thing has been said of Patti when she has required her music to be transposed to a lower key. There is no reason whatever why this sort of thing should continue; and it is to be sincerely hoped that the present agitation may lead without delay to the desired results.

THERE was more of earnest effort than of artistic fulfilment in the inauguration of the series of promenade concerts under the direction of Mr. Robert Newman at the Queen's Hall, Saturday. No fault could be found with a programme that included Wagner's *Rienzi* Overture, Liszt's “Hungarian Rhapsody,” No. 4, Thomas's *Mignon* Overture, Cyril Kistler's Chromatic Concert Waltzes, and nothing whatever that could be described as vulgar or meretricious. Kistler's waltzes, founded on themes from his comic opera *Eulenspiegel*, are, if not beautiful, ingenious and effectively scored. The constant employment of sections of the chromatic scale has a novel and curious effect. The management has been rather parsimonious as regards the orchestra. The strings certainly need reinforcement; and if this cannot be done, Mr. Henry J. Wood, who is an energetic and skilful conductor, should direct his brass and percussion to moderate their zeal, as the proper balance of tone on the opening night was not secured. Moreover, it was inartistic to permit vocal selections from the operas of Gounod, Saint Saëns, and Leoncavallo to be accompanied on a pianoforte, the orchestra remaining silent. There was nothing of special note in the programme of the first so-called “classical” night on Wednesday. Fair interpretations were given of Schubert's “Unfinished” Symphony in B minor, Beethoven's *King Stephen* Overture, and Weber's *Der Freischütz*; but there were no instrumental solos.

✱ The Greek Play at Leatherhead. ✱



St. John's Schools, Leatherhead.

THE performance of Aristophanes' *Frogs* at St. John's School, Leatherhead, on July 29 deserves more than a passing mention. Greek plays, whether at school or university, are not, as a rule, very enlivening affairs. Speaking personally, stiffness and restraint of the actors, the awkward gestures, the automaton-like movements of the Chorus have always a most benumbing effect on me, and it was a real pleasure to see at last a performance in which these depressing factors were absent. I speak with a knowledge of the recent Bradfield play as well as the last four given at Oxford and Cambridge; and after making due allowance for the different conditions of performance, I can say that the Leatherhead attempt in this direction loses nothing by comparison with any of them. Bradfield performances, with their picturesque accessories, must

always stand out prominent, but I doubt if even there I have seen more intelligent *acting* than that shown by the Leatherhead youths. I have certainly not seen a more convincing performance either there or at the universities than that of the Leatherhead *Dionysus* (Mr. L. E. Start). Mr. Start's striking presence did much to command attention, but what surprised me most was the intelligence with which he spoke his lines, and the ease and grace of his movements. The other actors' conceptions of their parts were naturally boyish, but they were eminently jolly, and at no time did their rollicking humour degenerate into horseplay. This says much for the care with which they had been trained.

Classical readers will, I am sure, forgive a brief epitome of the play at this point.

The Frogs was produced at Athens, B.C. 405.

The play has two aims: literary and political. Dionysus is both the patron deity of the drama and the type of the Athenian public, and the burlesque of his character is "a good-natured rebuke to the political spirit and literary taste" of the age. The introduction of the Initiate as the Chorus, it may be noted, was intended to remind the Athenians of the debt they owed to the exiled Alcibiades in the restoration of the national rites of Eleusis—a reminder which had the political significance of pointing to him as the one man able to save his country. At the opening, Dionysus, grotesquely dressed in a mixed costume, half-Heracles, half-woman, and accompanied by his slave Xanthias, calls upon Heracles to announce his intention of going down to Hades and fetching Euripides back. Then the scene changes to the banks of Acheron. Dionysus is rowed across by Charon,

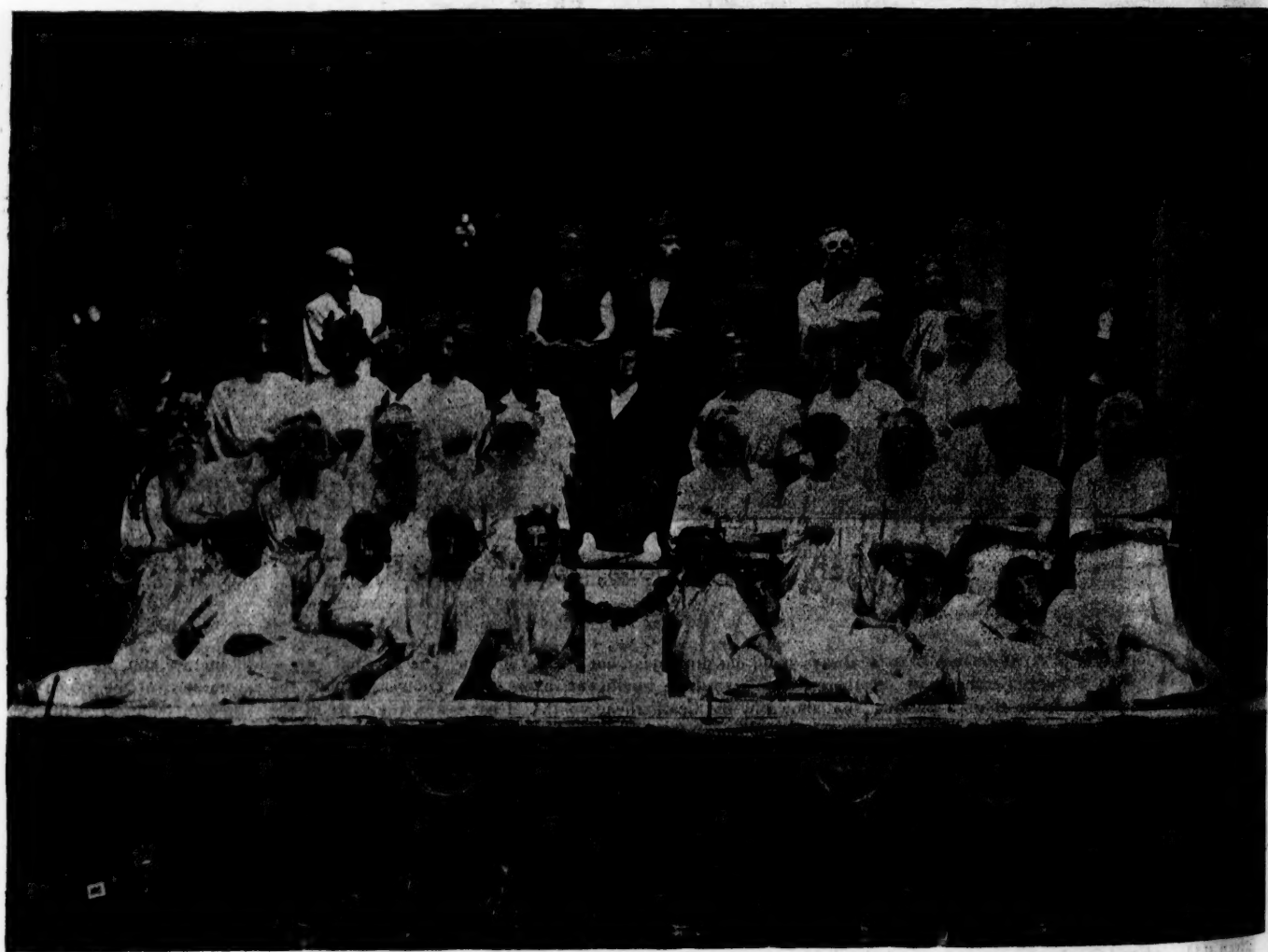
while Xanthias runs round the lake to meet his master at the Withering Stone. The boat on its passage is accompanied by a crowd of noisy frogs, who drive Dionysus almost to distraction by their incessant croaking. Arrived at the other side, Dionysus and Xanthias pursue their journey, during which Dionysus is almost frightened to death by the supposed presence of goblins. At last distant music is heard, and the sacred procession of the Eleusinian mysteries advances. The Chorus invite the presence of Iacchus, a patron deity of the mysteries. Then follows an imitation of the proclamation to the unhallowed and unworthy to withdraw. Three choric songs succeed. The adventures of Dionysus now begin. He knocks at Pluto's door, which is answered by Æacus, who, taking him in his costume for Heracles, charges him with the abduction of Cerberus. Dionysus, in an agony of terror, hastily changes dresses with Xanthias. Hardly is the change made, when Æacus re-enters, accompanied by Athenian policemen to arrest the supposed Heracles (now Xanthias). He denies all knowledge of the theft of Cerberus, and avails himself of an Athenian process to offer his slave (now Dionysus) to be examined under torture. Dionysus announces that he really is Dionysus. To test the godship of the two, it is agreed that each

shall have a beating; the first who acknowledges that he is hurt shall lose his claim to divinity. Both ingeniously explain away their cries of pain. In the parabasis of the Chorus the main subjects touched on are the worthlessness of the demagogues Cleophon and Cleigenes, and the necessity of forgetting old political grudges. Æacus now reappears with Xanthias (whose identity has been discovered), and tells him how Euripides has claimed the tragic throne, and how great the difficulty is of securing a proper decision—because Euripides has on his side all the worthless characters, while Æschylus is only appreciated by the small minority of virtuous and cultivated men. Dionysus, the patron of the stage, is to be the umpire. The contest begins. Æschylus contrasts the lofty ideal and high moral lessons of his poetry with the sentimentality and immorality taught by Euripides. Euripides criticises the prologues of Æschylus; Æschylus spoils with an oil flask those of Euripides: they begin in the commonplace style of—"Once upon a time there was a man who"—then follows a participial clause, and then comes the fatal space (second half of a line) for the finite verb, into which the tag inevitably fits. Euripides next criticises the lyrics of Æschylus, with their refrain; Æschylus retorts

with a parody of some of Euripides' musical innovations, e.g., the "shake." In the last stage of the contest, Æschylus and Euripides weigh the worth of their respective poetry by reciting one verse alternately into each scale-pan of a pair of scales. The pan of Euripides always kicks the beam. After a final question as to their political views, Dionysus adjudges the victory to Æschylus, and prepares to take back Æschylus with him to the upper world.

So greatly was the play admired for its *parabasis*, or political chorus (act. II, scene ii.) that it gained the rare honour of a second performance at Athens, after winning the first prize on its appearance. Even the lapse of nearly two thousand and three hundred years (during which the political allusions have naturally suffered somewhat) has hardly dimmed its wit or staled its epigram, which sparkles as if written yesterday.

The music used at Leatherhead was that written by Dr. Hubert Parry for the excellent Oxford performance in 1892. Dr. Parry has here shown himself a musical humorist of the first order. The solemn triteness of *King Saul* is entirely absent, and themes from Beethoven and Meyerbeer (the former representing Æschylus and the latter Euripides) as well as Gounod and other "moderns," are intro-



Act 3. Conductor and Performers.

duced with a happy audacity and truly laughable effect. The young singers entered into the spirit of the composer with great gusto, and although allowance must be made for the fact that they were at that awkward age immediately following the breaking of the voice, yet the tone was surprisingly full, and they had thoroughly mastered the music. They danced gracefully and sang with remarkable effect. In fact the secret of the enjoyability of the whole performance lay in the fact that both actors and chorus were obviously enjoying themselves too. A small but efficient orchestra rendered the accompaniments admirably. There were occasional signs of roughness which seemed to point to a lack of rehearsal, but that is doubtless to be accounted for by the difficulty of getting a professional orchestra at convenient times out of London. These were, however, only minor blemishes in an otherwise excellent performance. Band and chorus were under the conductorship of Mr. R. R. Terry, who, I understand, had also undertaken the somewhat

herculean task of training the actors and stage-managing the entire play. The result of his labours can only be described as surprisingly good. The scenery, which was simple and in the best taste, had been designed by Mr. H. B. Hagreen, a master of the school, and under the manipulation of another master (Rev. C. E. Marsh) and his assistants, it worked with a smoothness not often met with in amateur performances. Mr. A. E. Crawley (yet another master) was responsible for the judicious adaptation of the text which formed the "acting edition," as well as the editing of the Rev. A. D. Cope's English translation, for the benefit of unclassical spectators.

In common with other critics, I went down to Leatherhead prepared for the crude and tedious performance which a long experience of "Speech Days" has led me to expect. I can give no greater praise than to say that not only were we agreeably surprised, but agreeably and enjoyably delighted.

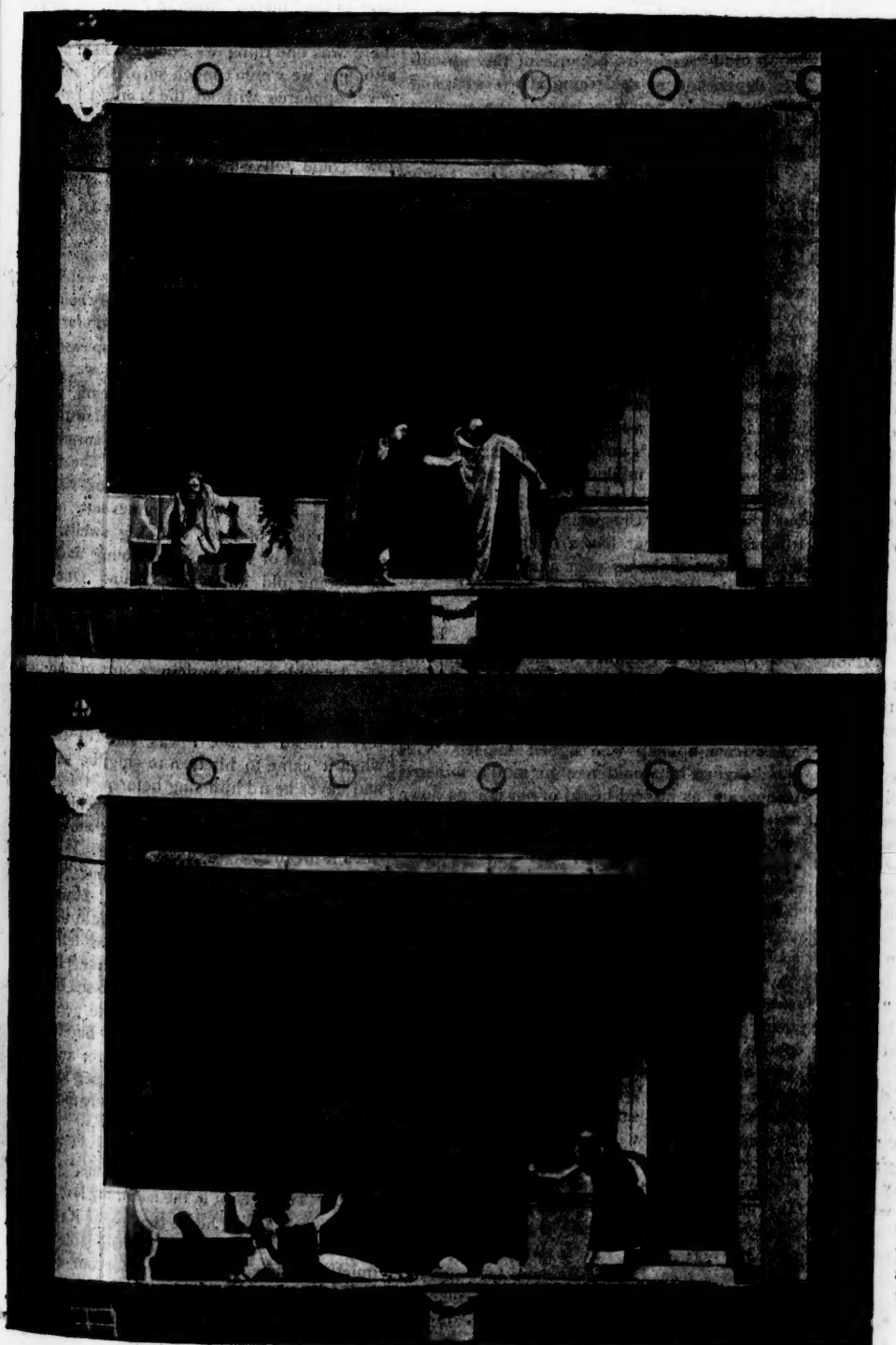
"The King of Pianists."

SUCH is Richter's definition of Moretz Rosenthal. It is to be feared more-over that a great number of concert goers, incapable of forming an opinion for themselves, will be only too eager to accept such a verdict coming with the weight of authority of a Richter, and supported as it is by the (probably) most stupendous mastery of the keyboard ever obtained. The MAGAZINE OF MUSIC however expressed itself very definitely on the subject last month, and I may be, perhaps, permitted to draw attention to a few points on which that opinion was based. In the first place Rosenthal's conceptions are practically non-existent, or rather they are "scrappy" to such a degree that one feels in listening to him that each piece was cut up into sections of a page or so each, and then worked up to a *prestissimo possibile*, after which, to quote a standing joke against Schumann, they are played still faster.

Such being probably the case, it would account for Rosenthal's exceedingly small repertoire. A couple of recital programmes, consisting partly of a few hackneyed pieces and partly of his own hurdle jumpers, two or three concertos, including the Schytte-Rosenthal concoctions, and that is apparently the extent of his available repertoire, precisely the same as given in America some years ago.

Contrasted with a Paderewski or a De Pachmann, whose subtler and more finished technique is even harder to acquire, it is miserably small for the King of Pianists. The concert-going public, however, is not in the habit of troubling itself about such things. So long as it is astonished it will attend in sufficient numbers to make the initial ventures pay. Probably when the first feeling of wonder has worn off, Rosenthal, whom I regard merely as the modern successor of such finger-heroes as Thalberg, Dreyschoek, Alkau, etc., will cease to draw in spite of the exaggerated praise bestowed on him in some quarters. Richter's dictum, seeing that the new pianist was to appear at one of his concerts, may be regarded merely as a remark made for advertising purposes; or should Richter have given his opinion in good faith, I should be inclined to think that as he has left his youth behind, he now places more weight on mere mechanical dexterity than upon emotional expression. To call Rosenthal the "King of Pianists" when we have a Paderewski, a De Pachmann, or a Schönberger, is rubbish. To extol him as *above* Paderewski, as is done by the *Times* critic, is sheer nonsense. Paderewski uses his technique to hang the composition on, Rosenthal the composition to hang his technique on, a simple but very vital difference.

Paderewski is a poet of the front rank, Rosenthal a writer—albeit a polished writer—for the *Police News*, and as such dealing with sensation pure and simple.



1. POETS' TEMPER.

2. JEACUS IN A RAGE TERRIFIES DIONYSUS.

On the Sands.

A NIGGER MINSTREL'S STORY.

HE was a tall, good looking fellow enough in spite of his black face and eccentric dress, the latter consisting of the usual get-up of a conventional nigger minstrel.

That he was the conductor or manager of the company I readily concluded from the fact that he took no active part in the performance which I had just witnessed, but contented himself with looking after the treasury.

When the hat had been handed round for the last time (the audience were requested "to pay for their tickets" every five minutes or so) and the "sketch" with which the programme concluded, was finished, I waylaid him in the hope of gathering some information respecting the life of an itinerant minstrel.

"Well, I suppose I ought to know something about it by now," he said, when I had succeeded in getting him into a communicative frame of mind, "for I have been in the profession for more than ten years, and have had this troupe going straight away for half that time. Yes, it pays fairly well, take one week with another, or I should have turned it up long ago, you may depend; your open-air musician is no fool. He knows which side his bread is buttered, as the saying goes, and he has generally got one or two strings to his bow, in case one should give out at any time.

"Things aren't what they used to be at the seaside, though. Why, only a year or two ago, we had our 'pitch' kept for us close to the pier, and the gentlefolk as well as the other people used to watch for our coming every day, in scores and hundreds. No one else was in it when we were about. The authorities themselves looked upon our show as one of the attractions of the season, and treated us accordingly. But that's all altered. The town band plays on the pier, and we are sent as far away as possible so as not to interfere with their music, and take the 'oof' which they want for themselves.

"What's the consequence? The niggers are vulgar now, and the swells don't come our way, or if they do, they stand at a respectful distance and say, 'How absurd! What is there to laugh at?' while they are biting their lips all the time to hide their own amusement.

"Not that we mind that much. The upper ten, as they call themselves, were never a lot of good to us. They have a way of disappearing at the first sign of 'the collection,' or looking as if they didn't know what it meant. I recollect once, a very stout old party, Lady somebody, I think she was, used to come every morning with a tribe of children, and sit straight through the whole performance, and then when the hat came round she would turn up her aristocratic nose, and say to her next-door neighbour, 'What a nuisance these men are! I declare I have been trying to read this article for the last half-hour, and have not got through the first column yet.'

"No; it's the people who come down for their one fortnight's holiday that we've got to look to. They know how to spend their money. They're never so happy as when they're doing it. We see them regularly every day they are here; and they take our songs home with them when they go, and sing them over and over again to their less fortunate acquaintances who have to take their trip to the sea at second hand.

"And the youngsters. We like them too. They never fail to laugh at a joke, or to keep

a chorus going, and they never forget to bring their pennies with them either.

"I believe some of the knowing ones who 'gas' a lot about 'good music,' and then go and talk right through a concert, would like to keep us away from the sands altogether, but they'll never do that. The people *will* have us, and I needn't tell you that it's the people who rule nowadays.

"Where do we come from? Ah, now, that's a poser. I'm often asked that question, but have never been able to answer it yet. Of course every year I'm obliged to get some new hands (although most of us have been together from the start), but where they come from I don't know. If I asked them, they wouldn't tell me the truth, perhaps; so if they're up to their business, I take them on without troubling about references. Sometimes, of course, we get to know a little bit about each other, but it isn't often anything of much consequence.

"Did you notice the little man who sang 'The Death of Nelson' this morning? Well, he's an old cathedral singer—comes from—. Why he left I don't know. He says that the church funds were low because of the agricultural depression or something of the sort, and that the bishop and the rest of the parsons reduced the screws of the choirmen till they all left one by one. That's his story. Whether it's true or not, of course I can't say. I only know that he's got a tip-top voice, which he is doing his level best to spoil. How? Need I tell you? You ought to see him with the black off. His face is a danger single, I can tell you; a real, downright convincing argument in favour of Local Veto, as they call it. No, I'm not a teetotaler, but I know if there were a few less 'houses' between our quarters and the beach, it would be all the better for one member of the troupe at least. Only last night I had to read him a lecture, and a fairly stiff one too. 'Tom, my boy,' I said, 'it's no good mincing matters, this sort of thing might do for a cathedral or any place where personal character don't count; but when you join a respectable, well-conducted troupe like this, that has a reputation to keep up, you must make up your mind to pull yourself together, or else—well, you know.'

"We had one rather odd customer with us last summer, but he didn't stay long. There was a bit of a romance connected with him, although no one suspected it till the whole thing came out. It was this way. One morning at the beginning of the season, I had a letter from a chap who signed himself 'Gus Ray,' saying he would like to join a minstrel troupe, and as he had heard of our doings down here, he thought perhaps we could find room for him in our company. He went on to say that he could sing pretty well, and would be willing to take up either ballads or the comic business, whichever I preferred. It so happened just then that we were a man short, owing to the bass I had engaged not turning up; and as Ray's letter seemed to be business-like and straightforward enough, and as he offered to plank down a little cash towards the preliminary expenses of the troupe, I wrote and asked him to give me a look up, so that we might come to terms. Well, to cut the story short, he came, and a smart chap he was and no mistake. I knew he was a gent when I first set eyes on him, and although he never gave himself airs, or put on any swagger to the other fellows, they pretty soon found out there was something superior about him. We all liked him; there was something jolly about the fellow, always full of fun and life. And he could sing too. He hadn't got a big voice, but he knew how to make the most of what he had, and his songs were always of the right sort.

He wrote a good many of them himself, and when he first came down he would sing them to us at our quarters at night, so that we could choose those we liked for the next day.

"There was one song which we all took to as soon as we heard it, but that one we could never get him to sing out. It had a chorus like this,—

'Good night, good night,
The stars are bright,
And the moon shines clear above;
Apart though we be,
Let your thoughts be of me,
Till we meet in the morn, my love,
My love,
Till we meet in the morn, my love.'

"Pretty, isn't it? Well, do you think he would sing that song? No. He kept putting it off and putting it off, till we stopped asking for it, thinking he had some reason for keeping it back.

"Everything went on as usual for about a week. Gus, as we called him, was the favourite wherever we went, but we didn't mind that so long as the 'pieces' came in freely, for we were all equals when the funds were divided. But there was one thing we couldn't help noticing, although we weren't much surprised at it, Ray never appeared without the 'cork.' Our faces were pretty well known in the streets, whether they were black or white; but nobody in the town could tell whether our new man was fair or dark, whether his moustache was grey or carrotty, or whether he had one at all.

"Well, one evening we were engaged for a turn at Hawtry Towers, a big house on the cliffs, where a large party of visitors were putting up. We always liked the Towers—the pay was good, and there was not a lot to do for it; so, of course, we did our level best to please whenever we got a show there, which we did generally about three times in the season.

"This particular night we had arranged a first-rate programme, and, to our surprise, Ray volunteered to sing his new song. The audience we had was one worth performing to, I can tell you. I can't recollect names now, but there were no end of lords and big swells, and, of course, a lot of ladies, some young and pretty, and some old and—well, plain. One young lady, who was dressed in a plain white evening dress, attracted my attention particularly. She was a pretty girl, deucedly pretty, I may say, and I couldn't help noticing a sort of half-timid, half-enraptured look which came into her face as soon as we began the opening chorus. Ray noticed it too, I was sure of that, and when it came to his turn to sing, he sang as I had never heard him sing before.

"Gus is on his metal to-night," whispered the interlocutor to me, with a knowing wink. "What does it mean?"

"I didn't know what it meant, but I did know that he was outstripping himself, and putting all the rest of us entirely into the shade. His second song, the one I was telling you about, was even better than the first. By Jove! it was something to remember to see the ladies clap their hands, and to hear the gents cheer and encore. Nothing would do but that Ray must sing the last verse once more, and it only wanted half an eye to see the sweet looks that went round that room as everybody took up the words of the chorus—

'Apart though we be,
Let your thoughts be of me,
Till we meet in the morn, my love.'

"When we went home that night Ray was not with us, but he came in a little later on very quietly, and without waiting for our congratulations, wished us all good night, and went off upstairs to his room, humming the last line of his song.

"Next morning he was gone, and, what was more, so was one of the visitors at Hawtry Towers—the young lady in the white dress. What a hue and cry there was to be sure! It was pretty warm for us I can assure you, and it was as much as we dared do to show our faces that day. But it soon blew over, and the matter was cleared up, although we never quite knew how.

"A day or two afterwards I had this letter: 'I am afraid I put you to some inconvenience by my sudden departure. Please accept the enclosed' (a ten-pound note) 'with my apologies and best wishes to all. It will interest you to know that Miss Wilson-Bright and myself did "meet in the morn," after the Hawtry Towers performance, and were married by special license at St. Faith's Church. You may also like to hear that your late comrade is no longer masquerading as Gus Ray, but has once more resumed his original name of GILBERT RAEURN.'

"That was the only explanation we had of the affair. Why they made a runaway match of it I don't know; but I've got an idea that it was nothing more than a bit of devilry on his part. At any rate, he came out handsomely, as he could well afford to do, for the Raeurns are one of the richest families in Warwickshire, and his wife was an heiress too, so I've heard.

"No, I have never seen either of them since; but I often think what a pity it was that a fellow like Ray, who had all the making of a first-rate minstrel in him, should have turned up the profession just as he was getting on so well, even for the sake of a pretty girl and a white dress."

WALTER BARNETT.

Musical Haunts in London.*

MR. F. G. EDWARDS is well known to be "Mendelssohn mad," and when I heard that he had written a book about musical haunts in London, I felt sure it would be filled with gossip about the composer of *Elijah*. It is not so bad as that. Indeed, Mr. Edwards has given us a thoroughly interesting little volume, not only about Mendelssohn, but about a good many of the great composers besides; and as he has gone to original sources for his information, it will be understood that his notes have a distinct and special value of their own. The illustrations are quite a feature of the book. They include a hitherto unpublished facsimile sketch of St. Paul's Cathedral by Mendelssohn, and a facsimile of Beethoven's letter to Mr. Broadwood, who, in 1818, had sent the composer a piano as a present. Beethoven on this occasion wrote in somewhat ungrammatical French, but with great warmth of expression, concluding his letter with: "My dear sir and friend, receive my greatest consideration, from your friend and very humble servant, Louis van Beethoven." We are told, by the way, that nobody except Stumpf, Beethoven's tuner, was ever allowed to touch this Broadwood instrument, to which an acoustic contrivance was attached, enabling the composer to hear its sound after he had become so deaf that otherwise the volumes of music floating through his brain could not return to him when called forth from the keys. The piano is now in the National Museum at Budapest, after having been in the possession of

Liszt. Mr. Edwards gives a portrait of John Broadwood in 1812, aged 80. The house of the firm in Great Pulteney Street is certainly almost unique as a musical landmark, for in these same premises the Broadwoods' business has been carried on for more than 160 years!

Amongst the other notables whose "haunts" are dealt with there is Chopin, who also had his connection with the Broadwoods. He lived with Mr. Broadwood when he first visited London *incognito*, under the name of "M. Fritz," in 1837. When he came later, in 1848, he frequently played at the firm's rooms; but he was then so weak that he had to be carried upstairs. Haydn stayed in three houses during his two visits to London. One was 45, High Holborn, which now (rebuilt) forms part of the First Avenue Hotel; the other was 18, Great Pulteney Street, which (also rebuilt) is now the warehouse of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the publishers. "My landlord," says Haydn, referring to this latter house, "is an Italian cook, who gives us four excellent dishes; we each pay 1 florin 30 kreuzers [about 2s. 8d.] a day, exclusive of wine and beer, but everything is terribly dear here." The street cries worried Haydn very much, and he presently sought the quietude of Lisson Grove, which was then in the country. Haydn was naturally a "lion" in English society. He paid no fewer than twenty-six visits to Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, played before the king and other royalties, and sang to them when he was 62 years old. Moreover, he says, "The princess sang with me." Somebody gave him a talking parrot, which was sold for about £140 after his death; and a Leicester admirer sent him half a dozen pairs of cotton stockings, into which were woven the notes of "God preserve the Emperor," "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," and other thematic material from the composer's works. These musical stockings, as Mr. Edwards remarks, must have come as a real surprise to Haydn. It is quite natural for a composer to have his melodies running through his head; but think of the novel sensation of having them entwined about his legs!

Spohr visited England at the invitation of the Philharmonic Society in 1820, when he took up his abode at the house 1A, Devonshire Street, which still stands. Spohr was anxious to make an impression on the Philharmonic directors. Accordingly he put on "a bright red Turkey shawl-pattern waistcoat," and being a very big man, a considerable surface of red waistcoat was thereby displayed. "Scarcely had I appeared in the street," he says, "than I attracted the general attention of all who passed. The grown-up people contented themselves with gazing at me with looks of surprise, and then passed on; but the urchins of the street were loud in their remarks, which unfortunately I did not understand, and therefore could not imagine what it was in me that so much displeased them. By degrees, however, they formed a regular tail behind me, which grew constantly louder in speech and more and more unruly. A passer-by addressed me, and probably gave me some explanation of its meaning; but as it was in English, I derived no benefit from it." Presently it was explained to Spohr in his own tongue that a general mourning had been officially ordered for George III., whose death had just taken place, and therefore that the composer's waistcoat had acted as a red rag to sorrowing John Bull.

When Wagner first landed in London in 1839, a young man of 26, he put up at the "Hoop and Horseshoe," an inn which may still be found close to the gates of the Mint. He had his wife and a big dog with him, and

next day, in the course of removing westward to another inn at Soho, he lost the dog. Wagner, in great distress, ran about asking everybody in broken English if they had seen his dog. Next day he started off to the docks in search of the animal, but in vain. On his return to the Soho inn his footstep was recognised on the stairs, when, to Wagner's delight, the dog "burst into barkter." Weber stayed at the house of Sir George Smart, 103, Great Portland Street, and died there on June 4, 1826. Handel's house, 25, Brook Street, is of course well known. The composer, Mr. Edwards tells us, was rated for the poor rate at £35 per annum.

Mendelssohn was enthusiastic in praise of London. He found it "indescribably beautiful," and was specially charmed with Norwood, where (in Attwood's house, still standing) he had one of his residences. Attwood had a famous white donkey, of which some old people in the district still have vivid recollections. Mendelssohn's friend, Klingemann, records a Sunday procession of that time which moved about the fields of Norwood without any disturbance of public order and Sabbath regulations. "In Norwood," he says, "lives one of the most distinguished donkeys that ever ate thistles (but he lives entirely on corn)—a plump, milk-white animal, full of vivacity and talent, appointed to draw a very diminutive four-wheeled vehicle. In the said vehicle sat Felix [Mendelssohn], who by-and-by got out of his carriage and walked with us; and a caravan consisting of one lady, four young men, the vehicle with the milk-white donkey and three dogs moved placidly up the hill and into the village, a glorious subject for artists—a subject that would have made an immortal work."

Mendelssohn had lodgings also at 79 (formerly 103), Great Portland Street, which remains practically unaltered since he was there in 1829. He had two "grands" in his room. He practised constantly, and often after coming home late at night; nay, more, he used to practise on a dumb keyboard while sitting up in bed. His landlady made capital bread-and-butter puddings, and Mendelssohn was so fond of them that he asked her to keep a "reserve" in the cupboard of his sitting-room, to which he might help himself when he felt inclined. An incident connected with this date may be told in his own words. He says: "The other day we three walked home from a highly diplomatic dinner-party at Bülow's, having had our fill of fashionable dishes, sayings, and doings. We passed a very enticing sausage shop, in which 'German sausages, twopence each,' were laid out for show. Patriotism overcame us; each bought a long sausage. We turned into where it was quieter—Portland Street—and there consumed our purchases." Even genius is not above cold pudding and German sausage.

THE French Government have commissioned various sculptors to provide a series of marble busts of distinguished musicians to be placed in the lobbies of the Paris Grand Opéra. That of Madame Malibran has been entrusted to M. Callot, that of Gounod to M. Corbel, that of Berlioz to M. Feinberg, and that of Carafa to M. Frère. It seems also that Fontenelle, the celebrated eighteenth-century operatic librettist, is to be similarly honoured, a bust of him being entrusted to M. Léon Pilet.

M. NIKISCH has now definitely resigned the post of conductor of the Royal Opera at Budapest, and his resignation has been accepted, his duties terminating on the 1st inst. M. Nikisch will henceforward reside principally in Berlin, where he will conduct the local Philharmonic concerts, but he will probably pay one or more visits to England in the course of the year.

* *Musical Haunts in London.* By F. G. Edwards. Curwen & Sons.

Kreutzer Sonata.

IN this issue the first movement of this sonata is printed; and the other movements will follow in the next issues.

The sonata is immensely difficult, and cannot be played by any but very advanced students; so I shall devote my space more to the æsthetic side of it than to technicalities. I may say, however, that before the movement is studied the following figure should be mastered in all the shapes in which it appears:—



Also the passage beginning third stave, page 3



And this other on the fourth stave of page 5.



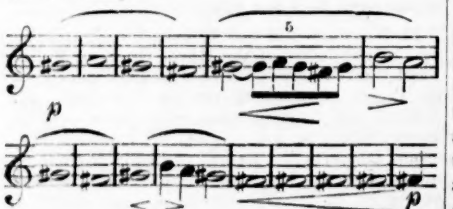
They are the places where inexperienced players come croppers. The opening bars must be given with all possible smoothness and a serene solemnity, a *crescendo* being made in the third bar, and a *diminuendo* in the fourth. Try to avoid harshness in the chords. Bars 11, 12, 13 take the most careful playing; thus:—



There is, you may see, a tremendous *cres.* right up to the *sforzando* on the C natural, and after the *sforzando* on that note a rapid *dim.* immediately follows, so that the B is taken very softly indeed. In the broken passage which follows it may be seen that Beethoven has been most careful not to let the rhythm get confused. He writes a quaver, instead of a semiquaver, at the beginning of each. On each of these quavers a slight *cres.* and a corresponding *dim.* will give just the required degree of accentuation. Be careful to keep the quality and intensity of tone the same, on the whole, right through this passage, until nearly the end of it, so as to bring out the feeling of hesitation and uncertainty that should pervade it. Then after holding the long F very softly indeed, take in the time of the previous



marking the *sforzando* well, and then dashing into the *presto* softly, with restrained power which comes out fully in the semibreve D and the following chords. Tremendous energy, powerful rhythm, are now required chiefly right up to the second subject, on page 3. In spite of yourself the tone will have become a little harsh in those rapid runs and arpeggios, and now comes an opportunity to bring out all the sweetness there is in your instrument and the tender emotion there is in yourself. This wonderful melody—



must be imbued with the richest tone you can get; the little swellings and failings I have indicated must be carefully attended to. Then in the four semibreve F sharps a *cres.* is piled on, and the last F sharp, a crotchet, taken very softly. In the following bars where the piano has the melody and the violin accompanies, the latter should be most soft and delicate; avoid hopping up and down on these E's like a Royal College professor. A big *cres.* is made on the semibreve E, the D is taken softly, and then you go with a fine sweep into the next melody, and this must be kept up until the double bar. Towards the bottom of page 4, a new melody, obviously constructed out of the first theme of the *presto*, is introduced, and this must be sung out, first by the piano, then by the violin, even more impetuously than anything that has gone before. They carry the movement on to the $\frac{3}{4}$ on the G sharp just before the double bar.

There need be little said about the piano part. To play it well is prodigiously difficult. None save a good pianist should tackle it at all.

(To be continued.)

The Professor's Note Book.

This month I have exchanged town for country—the stuffy atmosphere of my study for the fresh, invigorating air which blows in from the sea. I am writing these notes in a garden overlooking the silver streak which divides this island from *la belle France*. Everything around speaks of liberty and leisure, and the wind, resenting my efforts to do anything which savours of work in holiday time, is playing pranks with my manuscript. Listen! What is that? From an open window comes a merry strain, which sets the children clapping their hands with pleasure. It is not the sonata with its well-ordered phrases, nor the stately, scientific fugue; it is one of the dear, delightful dance measures, which are irresistible to young and old, which set the feet tripping and the hearts beating even here where all sounds make music. These children are my own, and the piece—the dance tune—I taught them to play it. Why not? A friend of mine who wears long hair, and who, on the hottest afternoon, will sit through a symphony concert in the Pavilion, chides me severely, and laments what he is pleased to call my neglect of the classical. “Can you expect,” he says sternly, “that your children will ever appreciate the best forms of art, if now, when their tastes are being formed, they are allowed to fritter away their time with waltzes and pot-pourris?” I smile and try to appease him by reminding him that it is holiday time; but it is no good. He has caught the mania for “classical music” and has held his head aloft for so long, that he cannot bring himself to see the good things which lie at his feet.

What is classical music? Ask Classical Music. What a child and he will answer readily enough, “It is the dry stuff.”

Publishers seem to hold a somewhat similar opinion, for in their catalogues they describe that which is not “classical” as “popular.” Some writers tell us that classical music is the work of dead-and-gone masters, and would have us believe that the magnificent works of Johannes Brahms are not to be spoken of in the same breath as, say, the twaddle which Mendelssohn wrote at

odd moments for the satisfaction of his lady acquaintances. Dr. Hubert Parry, in Grove's Dictionary, describes classical music as that which is written “in the forms which were adopted by the great masters of the latter part of the last century.” (The italics are mine.) This, to my thinking, is the true definition of the term. The sonata form is the basis of all that is really classical, so far as the term is applied to instrumental music.

Are we then to confine ourselves to the study of sonatas and such like? My long-haired friend says, Yes: I say emphatically, No. There is so much that is elegant, so much that is really beautiful amongst what is called “drawing-room music,” that, whether we be teachers or students, we cannot afford to pass it over. A miniature is as admirable in its way as a great historical picture; and a short impromptu, or (dare I say it?) a waltz, is no less a work of art than a sonata or symphony. Add to this the fact that music is, of all the arts, the one most cultivated for purposes of social enjoyment—that many of our friends do not wish to be regaled with music written to demonstrate the scientific attainments of this or that composer, but desire rather to hear pieces which afford pleasant and agreeable diversion, and you have a complete answer to those wiseacres who lift their voices against the lighter works of our modern writers, and declare that that which is not classical is worthless.

To get back to the subject of holidays. Now that it is the fashion to divide the summer term from the Christmas term by six, seven, and even eight weeks' vacation, it is highly important that the whole of that time should not be entirely thrown away. Some practice should be systematically done every day, particularly during the last week or two, or the student, when lessons are resumed, will find, to his own and his teacher's vexation, that he has to go over much old ground. “Take care that you don't go back,” the late Sterndale Bennett used to say to his pupils when dismissing them for the recess. Hard work, of course, is not expected during vacations; but half an hour's music daily will not seriously interfere with the enjoyment of life even in holiday time.

I happened to call, a few days ago, upon a young would-be violinist, and being shown into his apartment rather unexpectedly, I caught him in the act of practising. Seeing no music-stand in the room, I asked him if he played his studies from memory, when, to my surprise, he pointed to the table upon which the book from which he was playing lay open. “I dispense with a stand, you see,” he said, with the confident smile of one who has made a notable discovery; “I can manage very well with the table.” Poor boy! It didn't occur to him that all his work was, by this act of economy, rendered more than useless; that he was acquiring a style of holding his instrument which will make good, and even tolerable, playing an impossibility to him. I wonder how much of the bad position so noticeable in young students of the violin is due to this custom of bending over the music during practice hours. It is easy enough, and perfectly natural, to hold the violin in a good position if the book is placed on a level with the eye of the player; but I hope that any young readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC whose ambition it may be to rival Joachim or Norman-Neruda will recollect that bad habits, which are often contracted unwittingly while the eye of the master is not upon the student, are always difficult to eradicate, and often prove fatal to anything like satisfactory progress. The correct attitude for a violinist is thus described by one of the most celebrated modern professors, the teacher of no less an

artist than Senor Sarasate: "The body must be erect and firm, the weight resting lightly on the left leg. The right foot must be put a little in advance of the left, out of the line of the body, the head up, the shoulders squared, and the chest expanded."

How to Practise.

BEFORE dealing with the two particular numbers which appear in this month's Music Supplement, I should like to say a few words about Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte" generally. The title, "Songs without Words," although it has been strongly objected to by some accomplished writers, seems to me to have been most happily chosen, setting forth as it does the character of these dainty little pieces. They are, for the greater part at least, "songs" in very truth; each one conveying some distinct thought, expressed by means of a clearly-defined melody. In dedicating one of the songs to his sister Fanny, the composer wrote to her saying, "I wish I were with you, but as that cannot be, I have written for you a song expressive of my wishes and thoughts."

In studying a song, the melody naturally comes in for the first and the chief attention. Where there are words, they will, of course, be studied in connection with the melody; but when, as in the case of the "Lieder," the melody has, of itself, to express the composer's sentiment, special care must be taken to catch the exact train of thought it is supposed to suggest. It is not difficult in these little pieces of Mendelssohn's to distinguish the melody, although occasionally, when it is in an inner part, it will require some looking after. Once found, it must be given the prominence due to the principal part. This must be done, as I pointed out last month, by making it "sing"; and here the student will find scope for the development of a pure, *cantabile* touch, the most difficult to attain, but the most beautiful.

The accompaniments to the songs must also be carefully studied, as they vary greatly in character and construction. The *arpeggio* accompaniments must be played with due lightness and delicacy, while the chords in No. 22 and others must not lack dignity and firmness. In those cases in which a little introductory symphony is used, the entry of the song part must be clear and distinct.

One word more: Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte" are not easy. They are often put into the hands of pupils at an elementary stage, with results as lamentable as they are ludicrous. Although they may, some of them, present no serious mechanical difficulties, they demand an amount of soul and thought which only an experienced pianist is capable of.

To speak now of the

DUETTO, NO. 18,

a lovely two-part song, sung, as it were, by a soprano and a baritone voice. The lady commences in a tender, almost sad tone, to which the reply by the gentleman is sympathetic and consolatory. As the duet proceeds it increases in intensity and passion, till at last the two voices join in singing a fine passage suggestive of confidence and triumph. The melody in octaves, beginning at the foot of the second page, must be broadly and effectively played; and the final three bars, in which the phrase given out by the baritone is repeated by the soprano, must be very soft indeed.

NO. 22.

The character of this piece is reflective and

solemn. It would be comparatively easy of execution were it not for the stretches which so frequently occur, and which players with small hands will hardly know what to do with. Bring out the *sforzando* notes well, and take care to play the chord at the beginning of the tenth bar, and wherever it reappears, with decision and strength. Keep strict time to the end, making an effect by the contrast between the concluding phrase and that which precedes it. Use the sustaining pedal where marked, but in no other place. I must not forget the four bass notes which descend chromatically in the first and second bars of the fourth line. Play them *legato*, and the quavers above them rather lightly, duly observing the rests.

How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Concluded from page 161.)

AFTER the passion of variation 6, we have a natural reaction; and nothing more mournful has ever been written than variation 7, nothing more mournful and at the same time exquisitely beautiful, for Mozart never sacrifices beauty to truth of expression, but always combines them most miraculously. It is as well to bear that in mind whenever you are playing Mozart, for it will help you out of many difficulties. For instance, when two ways of playing any given piece offer themselves, and you don't know which is the correct way, you may be sure that the one which makes the piece sound most beautiful is the best, for with Mozart the greater the sensuous beauty the more expressive is the music: the one element helps the other,—does not, as often with other composers, exclude the other. Here, then, in this variation 7, you must above all things try for beauty—beauty of phrasing, of tone, of light and shade, and the expression will, so to say, make itself. At the same time you must remember to connect this with the preceding variations, and this, as it happens, can easily be done by means of the opening two crochets, here transformed into four quavers, four of the loveliest quavers ever dreamed of. By slightly accentuating the two A's, but ever so slightly, you will almost unconsciously remind every listener of the theme, so that although this variation is quite away from the style of its predecessors, it will be felt to have something in common with them. Avoid landing heavily on the D at the beginning of the next bar, and let the three chords wander in as vaguely as possible, to avoid any effect of strong rhythm. The shake on the high A should also commence very thin and delicately, at first rather slow, but becoming more rapid as you make a little *crescendo* on it, and then again becoming slower and softer until it tails off into the two semi-quavers, G and F. Avoid, once more, any stress on the next E. Indeed, there should not be much marking of the first beat of the bar in this variation at all. It is strongly marked in bar 5, but that is led up to by the *crescendo*, a powerful but carefully gradated *crescendo* in the preceding bar; and after the loud chord D A F, the next chord should be very much softer, so as to suggest a *diminuendo*. The first two bars after the double bar should be as soft and colourless as possible, but in the third the bass should become a great deal louder, to mark the fact that it has taken up the treble figure, while the treble itself becomes just a little louder to make the whole harmony a little richer and the

bar more important. In the next bar the accentuation should be this:—



The bass passage that follows should be loud, but not too loud, or the effect will be comic instead of intensely sad, and there should be a considerable *diminuendo* on the last E and G sharp, so that the A is quite soft. The remaining bars are for all practical purposes a repetition of what has gone before, so we will pass to the next variation.

Here the pendulum swings back once more; the mood becomes as cheerful as the preceding mood was cheerless; but of course you must not let the thing degenerate into mere burlesque. Play the figure of the first bar, both here and whenever it occurs, with a strong accent on the first crochet, with the two succeeding quavers light and detached, thus:—



and, of course, each of the phrases in the bass needs just the smallest accent in the world on the first beat. Play the staccato chords and octaves in bar 8, and whenever the passage recurs with the utmost precision and daintiness. In the third bar after the double bar a figure occurs which must be carefully treated, not only here and in this piece, but elsewhere and in whatever piece is used. It is written thus:—



but should always, unless the composer has directed otherwise, be played:—



the second note being a good deal softer, and a little or a good deal shorter according to circumstances, than the preceding one. Crispness, precision, and delicacy are qualities demanded for a successful interpretation of this variation.

In the next we seem to have Mozart aping the accent of Handel and Bach, though less of Bach than of Handel. It is quite a contrapuntal piece, yet note how exquisitely beautiful it is, how it is a real variation connected with the preceding variations and the main theme. Excepting in the bars marked *legato*, it should be played not exactly staccato, but at least with every note a little detached; and the light and shade mostly resolves itself into strongly marked contrasts. You will note that the first few bars are piano, and are followed by a forte, and after the forte comes another piano passage; and this arrangement is repeated in the continua-

tion. You should certainly practise the two hands separately a good deal before you begin those octaves thoroughly, and remember always to accent the crochet, and touch the quavers lightly, or, in other words, accent the first and third beats so as to keep the rhythm going. At the beginning an important point may be noted. By playing the opening bar thus:—



and then making the entry of the bass on the D evident, you will reproduce the opening of the theme, and connect the variation with it, and the preceding variations, just as I recommended should be done in the other cases. I would not try to make the "imitations" too obvious; remember that Mozart did not write them as imitations, but simply used the contrapuntal dodge to weave a web of sound which should be beautiful and carry expression, as one might say. Therefore make the treble sing, for it is really a most lovely melody, and, as I said before, you are safe in always making Mozart's music sound as beautiful as possible. In the sixth bar before the end quite a triumphant passage occurs: see that you make the most of it.

In variation 10 we have one of the most beautiful effects in music, though it is one of the simplest. The right hand keeps up the tremolo through the first four bars, which is at first merely an accompaniment, and then presently takes up the melody, and underneath, the bass suggestive of horns has first the melody, and later the accompaniment. The main thing is to keep the tone of the treble as thin as ever possible, and to make a *crescendo* when it takes up the tune in the fourth bar. And just as the theme underneath has been a shade louder than piano at first, so when the treble gets louder, the bass becomes a good deal softer. Mark the first beat of each of the first two bars of the bass part rather strongly. In the middle of the fifth bar the arrangement is inverted: the bass takes up the tremolo, and the treble carries on a variant of the melody in a manner distinctly suggestive of wood-wind, until two bars before the double-bar, where the violins seem to come in again to round off that section of the variation. In the two bars immediately following the double bar you must preserve the most exquisite delicacy; the tone must be thin as you can get it; there must be no uneven note, not a single "blob" of sound, so to speak, to disturb the absolute still beauty of the passage. Then in the third bar a forte occurs, and the music comes sliding down in clinging chromatic harmonies, which must seem to melt into one another without a suspicion of a break anywhere. After that the effect of the preceding section is repeated. I again recommend the young player to keep up the sense of continuity by accenting, but as slightly as possible, so long as it is an accent, the two opening crochet beats in the treble, and the first note of the bass, thus:—

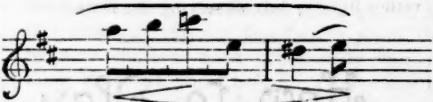


About the two remaining variations I have not a great deal to say. It was Mozart's custom, and, indeed, the custom of most composers of the period, when they wrote variations, to prepare for the brilliance of the finale by an adagio movement just before, and this custom he has followed here. Sometimes the adagio leads straight into the finale, sometimes, as is in this

case, it ends in the tonic key, and the finale has to commence on its own account. There are only one or two points to which I wish to call attention. First, do not exaggerate the effect which Mozart, who probably learnt it from Scarlatti, or some other of the Italians, introduces at bar 8 and elsewhere, thus:—



Then again, put all the expression you know how into that passionate phrase at the beginning of the second section:—



One of the most astonishing bits of "thematic development" ever conceived. Finally, make the last variation rather strong than lively. Allegretto is the tempo I would choose for it; for such passages as:—



demand all the weight that can be put into them. Keep the time, three crotchets in a bar, well marked throughout; look after such points as the bit of bass:—



and learn to play the last two bars before you begin to practise the others, and all will go well.

"Transcriptions."

"One voice that blames has the strength of ten that praise."—FLORESTAN.

"Unfortunately!"—EUSEBIUS.

THE above remarks of Schumann frequently occur to me when I listen to or read the utterances of certain critics who think they pose on a high pedestal when abusing in a wholesale manner anything that bears the title "Arrangement" or "Transcription." Liszt especially has had oceans of vituperation poured upon him for his misdeeds in this direction. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the higher the musician the broader view he takes in such matters. Wagner, for instance, never disapproved of transcriptions of his works if well done (some even probably done with his sanction are *not* well done), and we find him cordially approving Liszt's work in this direction. Those who have read the correspondence between the two, will recall his remarks on the *Tannhäuser* overture; in fact, Wagner himself has arranged and revised works by no less than five composers (excluding, of course, the pot-boilers of his Paris period), commencing with *Palestrina*.

Glancing down the names of the greatest musicians and composers, it will be seen that all or nearly all have arranged or transcribed according to circumstances and their sympathies. Starting with Bach and his arrange-

ment of the Vivaldi Concertos, we have Handel, who arranged so much that one is never sure (after recent revelations) as to what is his own and what isn't; Mozart, who arranged five of Bach's forty-eight fugues for string quartette, besides providing additional accompaniments to several of Handel's scores, and Beethoven, whose most curious arrangement is his setting of the violin concerto for piano. Besides this he has also re-set some seven or eight other works for different combinations of instruments, and some 100 English, etc., songs done as a commission.

Schubert is one of the few composers who arranged very little, and that little from his own works. Schumann arranged several of the Paganini Violin Caprices (published as op. 3 and 10), but with the exception of the one in E major, which is softer in tone colour, and less glittering than the Liszt setting, they are rarely if ever played. Of Weber, like Schubert, I know nothing, unless I except portions of his own early works introduced into later ones. Brahms, who cannot but be regarded as a most serious musician, has transcribed considerably. He has Germanised several sets of Hungarian dances without acknowledging the (in some cases still living) composers of the original melodies. He has taken Chopin's beautiful study (op. 10 no. 2) in F minor and perpetrated it into sixths, thereby utterly ruining it. He has treated the rondo from Weber's first sonata from the same point of view that Thalberg treated the "Last Rose of Summer," viz. for the left hand. Tchaikowsky has treated the same work in the same manner, and it is said that Moszkowsky committed the same indiscretion when younger, but does not care to have it referred to. Mendelssohn, in some respects rather a narrow-minded musician, has left only the Handel arrangements, while Franz's work in this direction is too well known on account of the controversy and abuse his superior abilities created to need more than mention here. He (Franz) has also arranged an orchestral suite of one of the younger Bach's (I forget which) for piano. Grieg has written a second piano part to four of Mozart's sonatas, and has given us piano versions of many of his own songs. Rubinstein, notwithstanding his condemnation of Liszt, has left us one or two transcriptions, notably the March from Beethoven's *Ruin of Athens*. Nothing exceptional as an arrangement, its *raison d'être* is practically the prodigious crescendo and diminuendo effect it contains. Probably Rubinstein wrote it to show off his unique command of tone gradation. Tausig's version of Schubert's March Militaire is with the same tone idea, far superior as an arrangement. To resume our list, we have Berlioz with his orchestral version of Weber's *Invitation*, and of a march by an almost forgotten composer, Leopold de Mayer, and also some recitatives to *Freischütz*; of Gounod, we have his famous Meditation on Bach's first Prelude; and of Saint Saëns, about thirty arrangements of various kinds.

Henselt has added some masterly "variants" to Weber's four sonatas, the Concertstück, and some of the shorter pieces, notably a fine version of the E major Polacca, in which he has given a piano version of the introduction of Liszt's setting of the same work for piano and orchestra, the material for which Liszt has taken from the E♭ Polonaise; so that we get a rather curious mixture. Henselt, on the other hand, has left the Weber variations severely alone, which is to be regretted in the unsatisfactory finale to the fine and dramatic "Schöne Minka" set; he has also made good arrangements of many of Weber's overtures and vocal scenes, and also of many Russian folksongs.

Raff has transcribed considerably, but in no case is the result more than tolerable. Recently D'Albert has done Bach's D major organ fugue for piano in a clever and effective way. Chopin was too self-centred to transcribe; but it is said (on very bad authority) that some of his songs are Polish melodies. A few arrangements by Russian composers, such as Balakireff's of Glinka's "The Lark," or Glinka's orchestral setting of the Jota Arrogonesa and some Russian folk tunes are picturesque, but too few in number to be of much importance. Remaining there is only Thalberg and Co., whose work is beneath contempt, and which finds its more modern and perhaps better successors in such efforts as Rosenthal's arrangement of Chopin's D² Valse, in which, after the first section has been treated in double notes, it is played as a counterpoint to the middle *sostenuto* section.

In the above list I have purposely refrained from mentioning both Liszt and Tausig, as they stand quite apart from the rest. Liszt is altogether the most remarkable; he is more spontaneous, genial and perceptive, his arrangements are often less carefully worked than Tausig's. Liszt did superlatively well that which had hitherto been done superlatively badly, and, like all reformers, had to meet with opposition and abuse. "Arch-meddler," "Transcription-fiend," etc., are some of the epithets showered on him. One American critic tells us that "Liszt's arrangements and operatic Fantasies are only played by pianists who have more fingers than brains, and that they are already dead." That description must apply then to such serious artists as Paderewski, Sauer, Slivinski, D'Albert, Stavenhagen, Borwick, Lamond, Scharwenka, Rummel, and others, each and all of whom I have heard play Liszt's arrangements; but as a matter of fact, every pianist nowadays who can do so plays them, and those who do not are in 99 cases out of 100 those who cannot. I recently read the utterances of an English critic who said it was as shameful to play Liszt's piano settings of Bach's Organ Fugues as it would be to play Wagner's "Ride of the Walküres" on a penny trumpet! The fatuity and sheer cussedness of such a statement is obvious. When we remember that the organ of Bach's time did not remotely resemble the present magnificent instrument, or when we look at the system (?) of fingering in use in those days, and then consider the wonderful development of the piano, I think it is scarcely going too far to say that in a piano performance one of Bach's organ fugues would be as near, or perhaps nearer the original effect as heard by Bach or his contemporaries than one given on a modern Hope-Jones or other electrically built monster about which we hear glowing accounts of their advantages for the performance of Bach's complicated contrapuntal effects.

Against the above-mentioned criticism it is instructive to contrast the remarks of Dr. C. H. Parry on Tausig's version of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue, which he speaks of in unqualified praise, and which he declares is probably the most remarkable arrangement in existence, which in fact is not beyond the truth. Liszt has left us in all some 440 transcriptions. Of these, the Schubert songs (57), the Paganini Caprices (especially Nos. 3 and 5), the Rhapsodies (21), are perhaps the most famous. Of the Schubert the arrangements are worthy of the songs themselves, which are often perfect. Rubinstein unnecessarily objects to Liszt's transposing the melodies into different registers, but surely the way to make a good arrangement is not to make it as monotonous as possible: that would be a curious way of doing it justice; besides, it is in such points of artistic perception that the artist differs from the publisher's

hack, and also it must be remembered that a vocal composition has a means of interest and variety in the words, hence any means to get the corresponding variety in a purely instrumental setting is justified so long as it does no violence to the spirit of the original. Augener & Co. publish a fine selection of the songs, including such gems as the Erl-könig, Shakespeare's Serenade, etc., etc. Peters have recently published a revised version of the 9 Soirées de Vienne (Nos. 4, 6, and 7, are especially beautiful) No. 6 I have not yet heard played in its new version. Pianists might also turn their attention more to the beautiful Franz set (published by Breitkopf and Härtel), such numbers as the "Meeresstille," the exquisite "Frühling und Liebe," and others, which, while not very difficult, are for technical purposes alone worth any half dozen of Czerny's so-called finger *études* besides being music. With these may be placed one or two of Schumann's, such as the "Frühlingslied," and "Widmung" (rather more difficult), D'Alabieff's "Nightingale," the wonderful Chopin set of 6 (of which it is instructive to compare the adorable "Meine Freuden," with its original simple version, to see what a perfect little poem Liszt has made of it); Spohr's "Rose softly blooming." The Beethoven and Mendelssohn sets also are interesting but are less varied.

The Rhapsodies suffer terribly from the would-be "brilliant pianist" who sees in them only a peg on which to hang his or her technical attainments. Nowadays any one with sufficient technique is generally considered capable of giving a satisfactory performance of a Liszt Rhapsody; should you attempt a Beethoven, later sonata or a Chopin composition, you get unmercifully criticised if in any degree lacking, and yet the Rhapsodies require just as many special qualities as either of these composers. Saint Saëns is the only musician of prominence who has done these beautiful and almost national poems justice in writing of them.

As with the songs, one or two of the Rhapsodies are constantly exploited to the neglect of the rest—Nos. 3 and 5 (probably because they are easy) I have yet to see on a concert programme.

Of the thirty-six operatic Fantasies the magnificent one on "Don Juan" is the finest as well as the longest and most difficult, and the "Lucia" is perhaps the easiest. Henselt has left a capital edition of this with the shakes, etc., that so displeased Mendelssohn, written out in full; the others, however, are all more or less interesting; and in opposition to the above-quoted American critic, I think they will in many cases outlive the operas they are written on. Of the Wagner transcriptions I regard the spinning song as the best, but Tausig's versions of Wagner seem to me in some cases better than Liszt's. Tausig has made fine settings of the Kaiser March and especially the Liebesgesang from the *Walküre*, his most poetic transcription, and therefore the most neglected. On the other hand, I do not regard his three "Tristan" arrangements as being so good. He has left us, however, a splendid version of Berlioz's "Sylphen-tanz" from *Faust*, much more elaborated and incomparably finer than Liszt's simple setting; it is also a capital study for pianissimo playing. Tausig's other transcriptions (all fine) are the five Scarlatti pieces: Weber's "Invitation," Schubert's "Marche Militaire," five valses from Strauss, of which Nos. 2 and 3 are perhaps the best (I have heard Madame Menter play a sixth on the "Thousand and One Nights," but I cannot find that it is published), a few arrangements from Beethoven's quartets, Schumann's "Der Contrabandiste," the splendid Fantasie on Gipsy Melodies, which is

akin to Liszt's Rhapsodies but less gorgeously coloured, and, lastly, the magnificent version of the Bach D minor Toccata and Fugue, which, with Liszt's version of seven and D'Albert's of one, form a unique set of Bach transcriptions.

Remaining there are the Liszt paraphrases of overtures by Rossini, Berlioz, Wagner, etc., and the colossal setting of Beethoven's nine symphonies, which are so absolutely unapproachable to the ordinary pianist on account of their length and difficulty that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to them, while the soirées of Rossini, Mercadante, Donizetti, etc., are not of sufficient intrinsic importance to require detailed notice.

In conclusion, would it be too much to ask for a little more breadth of view from abusive critics; from incipient pianists a little less time to the respectable tabby-cat effusions of Czerny, Hummel, etc., which are apt to literally swamp any little individuality a pianist may possess, and a little more time devoted to making themselves familiar with the beautiful music that exists for them only in transcription form?

H. O.

[As "H.O." says, the transcriber has been greatly abused; rightly, we think, though we think it right also that his champion should be allowed a hearing. But we wish to be understood that we reject many of "H.O.'s" facts and all his reasoning. There is plenty of music for the piano without transcriptions; and we decline to believe (for instance) that any piano transcription of *Don Giovanni* will outlast the greatest Italian Opera ever written. We may remark, also, that Bach's organ was essentially the same instrument as the organ of to-day; and, further, that Bach introduced the modern fingering.—ED.]

Reviews.

The Maid of Colonsay, cantata for soli, chorus and orchestra, by Erskine Allon (op. 25). *Six songs*, by Erskine Allon (op. 28). *Lays of Spring and Summer*, by Erskine Allon (op. 29). *Six Pastorals*, by Erskine Allon (op. 34) (Willcocks & Co.).

It gives one somewhat of a shock when a composer suddenly shoots in the product of his genius, from opus 25 to opus 34. I will frankly admit that I don't know who or how old Mr. Erskine Allon is, though I remember seeing some of his songs before. But of this I am certain, that Mr. Allon is producing too fast and too lightly for anything that he writes to have a chance of living ten years. Facility, without a sense of responsibility, is a fatal gift, and Mr. Allon seems to have it a little too strong. Take this cantata, the *Maid of Colonsay*. First we have an Introduction absolutely destitute of real vocal melody, and deeply indented with the Royal College mark, and the allegro that follows is lively, but utterly commonplace, vapid. The following chorus promises well—promises, but fails to perform. And so one might go through the whole work. Here and there is a pretty bit, but it rarely continues for more than half-a-dozen bars, and is generally of the sort that looks better than it sounds. The main fault of Mr. Allon's writing is the main fault of all our academical men: there is nothing vocal in their melody; we never hear the human voice; everything is done for the sake of the novel, the quaint, the bizarre. And I assure Mr. Allon that neither novelty, quaintness, nor *bizarrie* will stand half-a-dozen years; while truly vocal music, music that is simply intensified, idealized speech, though it may not startle the world at first, will grow in favour every day—provided, that is, Mr. Allon has anything to say. If he has not, he had better not write at all. Many of his songs are much better than the cantata, but all are a little "thin."

An Interview with Miss Gertrude Burnett.



ONE afternoon last July, I met Miss Gertrude Burnett at the Writers' Club. It was very hot, and the room was crowded, but, in spite of the heat and the crowd, as it was the only chance of an interview before Christmas—(Miss Burnett was starting early in August to play "Enid Bethune," and understudy "Margery," in Mr. Comyns Carr's "New Woman" tour)—Miss Burnett consented to retreat to a cosy corner, and talk about herself. "Where and when did you begin?" I asked quickly.

"Four years ago—Royal Academy of Music," answered Miss Burnett smiling mischievously.

"I accept the reproof," I said laughing, "and now please tell me a little more."

"Well, then, it was a phrenologist who decided my fate for me. He came down to examine a cousin's bumps, and for some reason or other took an interest in mine. He not only told me I ought to be an actress, but took my father aside, and urged him to have me trained for the stage. You may be sure I gave my father no peace till he consented to let me try. I began to study at the Royal Academy of Music, where, as you know, my father is professor of the violin. For two years I worked hard at elocution under the late Mr. John Millard, and also played in many scenes from Shakespeare and other dramatists. Then Mr. Millard, who was always kind and encouraging, gave me an introduction to Miss Thorne, with whom I spent five very useful and happy months. But when I came home a trial awaited me—my parents did not wish me to go on tour—as you know one *must* tour. For seven long months I gave up all idea of ever seeing my ambitions realized. This spring a friend invited me to pay her a visit at Oxford, where she was acting. I went—someone failed—I took her place—and it led to an engagement to tour as Polly Eccles, which my father allowed me to take."

"How delighted you must have been!"

"Yes, indeed, I am never so well as when I am acting; the life suits me better than the ordinary existence."

"Give me an idea of one of your days on tour," I begged.

"Once we took the train at seven one Sunday

night from Llandudno and arrived at Aberdeen one Monday afternoon, dined, went to bed, and had tea before 'going on' in the evening. I generally get up at 10.30, have dinner at four; tea before going on, and a light supper after."

"And how do you like Polly?"

"Very much, but the last act is hard work."

"Did you enjoy jumping under the table?"

"Oh, yes, I used to shoot under," laughing.

"And now tell me what you found most difficult when you began."

"Well," after a moment's thought, "I had been used to reciting, and I wanted to recite my speeches and move when I had finished them. I had to learn to talk and move at the same time. After playing fifteen leading parts at Miss Thorne's this was no longer a difficulty."

"At first, too, I rehearsed alone—far more than was right—now I never learn my part until after the first rehearsal together."

"Which are kinder, actors or actresses?"

"Now I really cannot answer that. I have had comparatively but little experience, and, judging by the rest of the world, I should say it was 'six of one and half-a-dozen of the other,'" said Miss Burnett with a sharp little look towards the clock, "Oh, it is half-past five," she exclaimed, rising hastily, "what will my hostess say to me?" she continued, glancing round the room in search of that lady.

"She must forgive you this once, and so must mine," I added.

"Oh, I had forgotten yours," said Miss Burnett with that mischievous look again in her eyes.

BARRY THORNE.

A Chat about Mr. E. Silas, the Composer.

BY MARIE WURM.

IT was indeed quite by chance that I was led to force my acquaintance upon Mr. E. Silas, and I have to thank the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* for causing in me the desire of meeting "the sole survivor of a generation by which such feats as extemporizing" were cultivated. I confess I was most curious and interested to hear an improvisation by another musician, especially after having had my own experiment talked over and criticised. I was not slow in writing a little note to Mr. Silas and begging for an interview, to which a most courteous answer came, fixing the day and hour for me. I went, and found myself welcomed by a most genial little man, to whom I plainly stated my object. He seemed amused that I had come, and said he would much like to hear *me* improvise, and also hear some of my compositions. I satisfied both his wishes; and then he asked *me* to write down a theme and *he* would improvise upon it. Having written down a few bars, the little old gentleman improvised first a prelude, and then a very elaborate fugue. I could hear at once that he was an expert organist by the way he played the piano, and also by the form of the fugue. I was most highly interested, and can honestly say delighted. It is all very well to say that extemporizing is dull; it must be to those who are not genuinely musical, but a real musician *must* experience some interest in listening to "what will come next?" I do not in any way

wish to speak of *my* extemporizing, but in a general way. But I must confess that, although I have heard a few musicians *try*, I have never heard any one but Mr. Silas—and my humble self—extemporize pieces in their proper *form*. It is all very well to "wander for hours on the keyboard." A good musician *can* do that easily; but it is a widely different thing to *work* out themes in one's mind whilst going on, and returning to the original in the right and musicianly manner.

Mr. Silas, of whom I have not been able to get a photo yet, was born in 1827, he tells me, and has lived in London a long, long time; but he is known to a great many younger musicians by name only. I myself remember the "E. Minor Gavotte"—his famous Gavotte (though he has published eight others)—years ago. Of late his compositions have been neglected, and it is a great pity, I think, for I have heard some exceedingly beautiful and attractive works of his. One is a most brilliant Violin Concerto (not yet published), which was written already two years ago. To hear Mr. Silas speak of the many people of note of bygone times is most delightful.

We, the younger generation, only know such composers as Lefebure-Wely, Thalberg, Keller, by the works they have left us. Of their personality we know little. In my very young days I remember seeing a piece called *Les cloches de monastère* by Lefebure-Wely; and I also remember trying to play it just because it was far too stretchy and difficult for my then tiny hands. But this piece was a famous, fashionable one at that time, and perhaps the only one by which the composer is now remembered. Thalberg's compositions have gone out of fashion; the easy way of making a variation to a melody by running down in scales, chromatic or otherwise, is not allowable any more in high-class music, and yet Thalberg has some exceedingly good works which might still be played. Jules Schulhoff is almost forgotten, though at schools his pieces are probably still used. But Schulhoff is a very keen, sensitive musician, and still amongst us. He lives at Berlin with his charming wife, and I have spent many a delightful hour with him at his house.

It seems to me that we ought to make the most of the oldest musicians we have amongst us; they know more than we young ones, even if their style is not "up-to-date" according to fashion. And there *is* fashion in *Musik*. Just now it is *Wagner* versus *Brahms*.

I do not think that any of the present young musicians would like the feeling of being put aside, and being forgotten just because they have grown old. It is not the same with old public performers; they are always received with enthusiasm whenever they appear, and why are the composers forgotten?

Shall I tell you how my interview with kind-hearted Mr. Silas ended? He put on his hat and coat, and persisted in showing me the way to find the right omnibus. I came home happier by having met so kind and genial a musician.

MISS ERICA MAY KÜHN-STROH

(Solo Pianist).

"Miss Kühn-Stroh is a talented player of remarkable powers, and exhibited a complete mastery over her instrument."—*Hastings and St. Leonard's Observer*, July 13, 1895.

"This young artist rendered each piece with the most exquisite taste and with wonderful precision."—*Eastbourne Standard*, July 16, 1895.

"This talented young artist bids fair to become one of our leading pianists."—*Hythe Reporter*, July 13, 1895.

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✦ Authors and their Works. ✦

ANDREW LANG.

MR. LANG has called himself "the general utility man." The phrase is right enough, but, to be a little more respectful, I should call him the Admirable Crichton of English letters. Just as that accomplished person maintained every imaginable thesis with ease and mastery, so Mr. Lang has adventured in nearly every walk in literature, and in hardly one of them has he made a stumble. The mere list of his works is, as some one has observed, a certificate of versatility. From "Books and Bookmen" and "Letters to Dead Authors," he passes to "Custom and Myth" and the biography of statesmen; from gathering the "Grass of Parnassus" and burning "Ballads in Blue China," he turns easily to discourse of "Homer and the Epic" and to scatter "Lost Leaders" in the *Daily News*. He has even been known on the very shortest notice to transform himself from an angler into a Gifford Lecturer in the college of the scarlet gown. Nay, he once went so far as to follow after "The World's Desire" in company with Mr. Rider Haggard, although it is to be feared the world was so ungrateful as not to show any great desire for a repetition of their joint performance. That essay in fiction and "The Mark of Cain" (which Mr. Barrie says is the worst story ever perpetrated by a clever man) are, however, almost the only failures which have to be recorded of Mr. Lang, and in excuse of the first it must be said that he was in bad company at the time. After all, the cleverest writers must fail sometimes, and Mr. Lang's astonishing and multifarious cleverness would be still more wonderful than it is were there no miss to diversify the long series of hits.

"Dear Andrew with the brindled hair," as Louis Stevenson styles him, is by descent a Scottish gipsy; and his not very remote ancestors tramped through the land o' cakes, so it is said, mending tins, telling fortunes, and not improbably purloining chickens. Nor is Mr. Lang ashamed of his gipsy origin, for hear him in one of his recent verses:

Ye wanderers that were my sires,
Who read men's fortunes in the hand,
Who voyaged with your smithy fires
From waste to waste across the land,

Why did you leave for garth and town
Your life by heath and river's brink,
Why lay your gipsy freedom down,
And doom your child to pen and ink?

One might answer the query by remarking that literature as a profession pays better than purloining chickens. But let us pass on.

Mr. Lang is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Lang, Sheriff Clerk of the border county of Selkirkshire. He was born at Selkirk on the 31st of March, 1844, so that he has just turned fifty. He is an LL.D. of his *alma mater*, St. Andrews, and was one of the most brilliant Oxford scholars of his day. He is often accused of being a bad Scotsman, and certainly he has said things not quite flattering to the national traditions. He has spoken freely of John Knox, and has put on kid gloves to handle Burns. He has even—so his own countrymen think—put on "airs"—the "airs" of a person very superior to the provincials from whom he sprang. Allowing for all that, there is no mistaking the genuine Border strain in him, which indeed is never really disguised.

Mr. Lang entered journalism at a very early age. As a student at St. Andrews he was editor of a weekly college magazine, under a

sub-editor who kept him to his work and cut out all his fine passages. Mr. Lang was also connected with journalism when a freshman at Balliol. He was the caricaturist of a journal which died, and a contributor to the Oxford *Spectator*, a humorous little periodical. When he came up to London he at once plunged into the work of the general utility man, and now it would be difficult to say where Mr. Lang does not write, and what subjects he will not dare to handle. He edits *Longman*, and acts as "reader" for its publishers; he writes the literary and light leading articles in the *Daily News*; he is on the reviewing staff of the *Times*, and many other reviewing staffs besides. His name is familiar on the covers of most of the reviews, and in nearly all the magazines; and if he does not bring out a book or two every year, it can only be when he is too busy with better-paying work. He handles the English tongue with uncommon tact and skill, and his touch is as light as the brush of a butterfly's wing. Indeed, if any fault is to be found with Mr. Lang, it is that he is too light ever to be serious. He is generally in more or less of the mocking mood. He has a constant disposition to trifle and an inaptitude to take large and logical views of either life or literature. He has never shown himself kindly to young authors; and as for minor poets, he would have them all thrown to the worm that never dieth. Yet he is a minor poet himself.

In truth Mr. Lang is occasionally inconsistent as well as flippant. In a certain lecture he once made a fierce attack on the compilers of books, who make books out of other people's books, and keep writing for permission to cut out this and that and include it in a "selection." This was, he said, the lowest kind of work a human being could sink to. Considering Mr. Lang's performances in the way of compilation, one is somewhat astounded at this attack. But then one man can steal a sheep with impunity while another man must not look over the hedge. Mr. Lang may make up his fairy books with the aid of paste and scissors, but you must not ask Mr. Lang for the loan of a sonnet on babies to fill out your volume of "Children's Verse."

Mr. Lang is himself responsible for the information as to his literary methods. He says he seldom looks up any book of reference. He does not even possess a classical dictionary or a reference book of any sort in the house—well, so he declares at any rate. He works from ten to one, and writes a leading article in the afternoon; he rarely smokes, and never while at work. He is an ardent golfer, but his favourite pastime is angling. And thereby hangs a tale. While engaged on the "Life of Lord Iddesleigh," he spent some six weeks in pastoral seclusion at a hotel in the neighbourhood of the classic Yarrow and St. Mary's Loch. The amusement of his leisure was fishing, but it was sadly interfered with by the descendants of the swans immortalised by Wordsworth. For some reason these birds took a special dislike to Mr. Lang, and they spoilt his sport with much enjoyment. One day the finest of them was found in a field dead with a noose tight about its neck. The culprit was never traced, but a "poem" in Mr. Lang's handwriting still survives in the visitors' book at the hotel, beginning—

The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Is something more than a mistake.

It certainly looks suspicious.

Mr. Lang's personal appearance is thus described by one of his Boswells:

"Mr. Lang, like all literary men of slim build and languid bearing, wears an old-fashioned silk-faced frock coat, wrinkling and buttoning at angles that would prevent any self-respecting tailor's dummy from acknowledging a bow from him in Bow Street. He has the figure and air of a young man; but his worn face, with the chin, cheekbones, and nose projecting under the drawn skin, almost reminds one of the veteran Professor Owen. His black hair is streaked with grey, and the 'front row' of it silver-white. The weakest part of the head is outside the eyes, where the temples are cut scantily away. Like Sarasate, his remarkable appearance is due to his large striking eyes. His tongue does not betray the Scotchman except by a certain prolongation of the 'oo' in 'book,' and an occasional locution like 'parallel' for 'parallel.' His voice is high-pitched and a little *criarde*; his delivery is recklessly colloquial; his best 'holt' is on sly gibing; and he punctuates his speech always in the wrong place, by abrupt pauses after every two or three words, the effect being irresistibly suggestive of the artilleryman in 'Bleak House.' Took me in. With a second-hand violin-seller. For a friend That money was no object to. And said he played the fife. When a boy.' Mr. Lang cuts it quite as small as that; but he peppers in his pauses much more arbitrarily."

Literary Notes.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S new novel has been secured by the *Century*. The story will begin in the January number, and will run through twelve issues. The Boston *Critic* calculates that for her recently published *Story of Bessy Costrell*, Mrs. Ward received £3,000. The story does not exceed 25,000 words, so that if the *Critic* be right, Mrs. Ward must be by far the most highly paid of living writers. But speculations regarding authors' earnings are to be taken *cum grano salis*. They are interesting, but seldom authentic.

Miss Mary Wilkins, the eminent American novelist, has been declared the winner of the first prize of £400 offered by a syndicate of newspapers for the best detective short story. This is certainly the largest money prize that has ever been offered for a short story, and it is not surprising to learn that there were over 3,000 competitors. Miss Wilkins' story appears in the August number of *Chapman's Magazine*.

It is now said that before the year is out the Government will appoint a Poet Laureate.

The value of the estate left by the late Professor Huxley is £8,907: not a large amount, considering the Professor's fame and position. The figures, indeed, afford a further confirmation of the fact that science or literature seldom leads to great fortune.

A SURPRISE awaits the public in the shape of a volume of prose by Coleridge. It consists of selections from the poet's note-books, which will be published under the direction of the Coleridge family, by Mr. Heinemann, with the title "Anima Poetæ." These take the shape of aphorisms on a great variety of subjects, but chiefly philosophical and religious.

More Jottings from a "Common-place Book."

(THE VIOLIN.)

"Is it that Nature draws a well strung bow
O'er all the human hearts whose quivering strings
Lie on her breast, and for an answer brings
A cry of passion vaster than we know,
An endless vibrating of love and woe?
Is it the gathered sadness of the sea,
Or all the wind says in its agony?
Is it the tread of men who feel they go
To certain death? Yes; all of these and more.
Beyond the anguish of the wound, the balm;
Beyond the maddened waves, the quiet shores;
Beyond the sweeping storms, the depths of calm;
Hid in that music's resonant refrain
Lie joy and victory beyond all pain."

Violin Music.—F. M. O.

IN an article entitled "Side Lights on Singing," which appeared in the April number of this Magazine, I recommended to my readers a plan which I have for many years adopted myself—viz., to keep a common-place book for the reception of any jottings or quotations bearing upon their art.

I think what started my common-place book was a passage I read years ago in the *Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley*. It was this:—

"Keep a common-place book, and put into it, not only facts and thoughts, but observations on form, and colour, and nature, and little sketches, even to the form of beautiful leaves. They will all have their charm, all do their work in consolidating your ideas. Put everything into it. . . . Strive to put every idea into a tangible form, and write it down. Distrust every idea which you cannot put into words; or rather distrust your own conception of it—not so with feelings. Try to put everything into place in the great system . . . seeing the realities of heaven and earth."

I have been asked to publish more "Side Lights" from my common-place book, especially any bearing upon Music; and on turning over the pages, I find that next in number to extracts on singing are perhaps those on violin-playing. Thus I have put together a few of those that I think may be of most interest to my readers.

I will begin by quoting a powerful description of Sarasate's playing, out of *Ardath*, by Marie Corelli:—

" . . . 'Come with me, and hear the Angel-Demon of music at St. James' Hall.'

" . . . 'He can bestow upon you a perfect benediction of sweet sound,—a benediction not to be despised in this work-a-day world of clamour, and out of all the exquisite symbols of heaven offered to us on earth, music, I think, is the grandest and best.'

" . . . 'As there are fools to be found who have the ignorance as well as the effrontery to declare that the obfuscated, ill-expressed and ephemeral productions of Browning are equal, if not superior to the clear, majestic, matchless and immortal utterances of Shakespeare . . . '

" . . . 'Even so there are similar fools who say that the cold, correct student-like playing of Joachim is superior to that of Sarasate. But come and judge for yourself,—if you have never heard him, it will be a sort of musical revelation to you—he is not so much a violinist as a human violin played by some invisible sprite of song. London listens to him, but does not quite know what to make of him; he is a riddle that only poets can read.'

" . . . 'At that moment a tumultuous clamour of applause broke out on all sides—a figure emerged from a side door on the left and ascended the platform—a slight, agile creature with rough dark hair and eager, passionate eyes, no other than the hero of the occasion, Sarasate himself. *Sarasate e il suo violino!* there they were, the two companions—master and servant, king and subject. The one a little, active-looking man of handsome, somewhat serious countenance and absorbed expression; the other a mere frame of wood with four strings deftly knotted across it, in which cunningly contrived little bit of mechanism was imprisoned the intangible yet living spirit of sound. A miracle in its way! that out of such common and even vile materials as wood, catgut and horse hair, the divinest music can be drawn forth by the hand of the master who knows how to use these rough implements! Suggestive, too, is it not, my friends? for if man, by his own poor skill and limited intelligence, so invoke spiritual melody by material means, shall not God contrive some wondrous tunefulness for Himself even out of our common earthly discord? . . . Hush! . . . a sound, sweet and far as the chime of angelic bells in some vast sky tower rang clearly through the hall over the heads of the now hushed and attentive audience . . . '

" . . . 'He had ceased, and was gravely bowing to the audience in response to the thunder of applause, that like a sudden whirlwind, seemed to shake the building. But he had not finished his incantations; the last part of the concerto was yet to come, and as soon as the hubbub of excitement had calmed down, he dashed into it with the delicious speed of a lark soaring into the springtide air. And now on all sides what clear showers and sparkling coruscations of melody! What a broad blue sky above! What a fair green earth below! How warm and odorous this radiating space, made resonant with the ring of sweet bird harmonies! Wild trills of ecstasy, and lover-like tenderness . . . Snatches of song caught up from the flower-filled meadows and set to float in echoing liberty through the azure dome of heaven! And in all and above all, the light and heat and lustre of the unclouded sun! Here there was no dreaming possible, . . . nothing but glad life, glad youth, glad love! with an ambrosial rush of tune, like the lark descending, the dancing bow cast forth the final chord from the violin as though it were a diamond flung from the hand of a king, a flawless jewel of pure sound. And the minstrel monarch of Andalusia, serenely saluting the now wildly enthusiastic audience, left the platform. But he was not allowed to escape so soon. Again and again, and yet again, the enormous crowd summoned him before them, for the mere satisfaction of looking at his slight figure, his dark poetic face, and soft half passionate, half melancholy eyes, as though anxious to convince themselves that he was indeed human, and not a supernatural being, as his marvellous genius seemed to indicate.

" . . . 'What do you think of him?'

"Think of him! Why, what *can* one think? What *can* one say of such an artist? He is like a grand sunrise, baffling all description and all criticism!'

Lovers of Browning, as well as those of Joachim, may bear me a grudge for part of the above quotation! So let me, in justice to Joachim's magnificent playing, follow Marie Corelli's panegyric on Sarasate, by one from Mr Haweis' pen, on Joachim.

"M. Joachim" (says Mr. Haweis in *Music and Morals*), "is the greatest living violinist; no man is so nearly to the execution of music

what Beethoven was to its composition. There is something massive, complete, and unerring about M. Joachim that lifts him out of the list of great living players, and places him on a pedestal apart. Other men have their specialties; he has none. Others rise above or fall below themselves; he is always himself, neither less nor more. He wields the sceptre of his bow with the easy royalty of one born to reign; he plays Beethoven's concerto with the rapt, infallible power of a seer delivering his oracle, and he takes his lead at a quartette very much like Apollo entering his chariot to drive the horses of the sun."

I may add that a great deal of interesting reading on the subject of violins is to be found in another of Mr. Haweis' works, *My Musical Life*.

There is a beautiful passage about violins in orchestral music in that charming book, *The Little Schoolmaster Mark*, by J. H. Shorthouse. It is introduced in a discussion about Life and Art:—

" . . . 'They cannot quarrel. There is no art without life, and no life without art. . . . '

" . . . 'Then I think that somewhere there must be a higher art that surpasses the realism of life—a divine art which is not life but fashions life.'

" . . . 'When I look at you, little one,' Carricchio went on, 'I feel almost as I do when violins break in upon the jar and fret of the wittiest dialogue. Jest and lively fancy—these are the sweets of life, no doubt—and humorous thought and speech and gesture; but they are not this divine art, they are not rest. They shrivel and wither the brain. The whole being is parched, the heart is dry in this sultry, piercing light. But when the stringed melodies steal in, and when the rippling, surging arpeggios and crescendos sweep in upon the sense, and the stilled cadences that lull and soothe, then, indeed, it is like moisture and the gracious dew. It is like sleep; the strained nerves relax; the overwrought frame, which is like dry garden mould, is softened, and the flowers spring up again.' [I cannot resist quoting to the end of this dialogue on Life and Art.]

" . . . 'The other life is gay, lively, bright, full of excitement and interest, of tender pity even, and of love; but this is rest and peace. The other is human life, but what is this? Art? ah! but a divine art. Here is no struggle, no selfish desire, no striving, no conflict of love or of hate. It is like silence, the most unselfish thing there is. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that music must be the silence of heaven.'

"The silence of Heaven!' said Mark . . . 'What, then, are its words?'

"Ah! that,' said the old clown smiling, but with a sad slowness in his speech, 'is beyond me to tell. I can hear its silence, but not its voice.'

Charles Auchester is a book which, though perhaps somewhat ultra-enthusiastic, must, I am sure, appeal to all musical people, and especially, I think, to students of the violin. It is interesting to trace Charles Auchester's career, from the days of his early childhood, when Lenhart Davy discovered in him "the little violin face." This was before there was any talk of the child becoming a violin student, as was Santonio's observation,—

"Is this your son, Davy?' questioned he, once more speaking, and looking down upon me for an instant.

"Certainly not; my pupil and favourite alto.'

"Is he for the profession, then?'

"What do you say, Charles?'

"Yes, Mr. Davy, certainly.'

"If I don't mistake, it will not be alto long

though," said Santonio, with lightness; "his arm and hand are ready made for me."

Little Charles' description of the impression on him of Santonio's playing, as he first heard it, is a characteristic passage in the book.

"... It was one of Beethoven's complete works to be interpreted, a divine duo for violin and piano, that had then never been heard in England, except at the Philharmonic Concerts, and I did not know the name even then of the Philharmonic. And when it began, an indescribable sensation of awe, of bliss, of almost anguish pervaded me; it was the very bitter of enjoyment, but I could not realize for a long time

"The perfection of Santonio's bowing never tempted him to eccentricity, and no one could have dreamed of comparing him with Paganini, so his fame was safe. But I knew nothing of Paganini, and merely felt from head to foot as if I were the violin and he was playing upon me, so completely was I drawn into the performance, body and soul. Not the performance merely, let me say; as a violinist now, my conviction is that the influence is as much physical as supernatural of my adopted instrument. That time my nerves were so much affected that I trembled in every part of me. Internally, I was weeping, but my tears overflowed not my eyes.

"Santonio's cantabile, whatever they say of Ernst, or of Sivioli, is superior to either. There is a manly passion in his playing that never condescends to coquet with the submissive strings; it waited enough that night for anything, and yet never degenerated into imitation. I knew directly I heard him draw the first quickening, shivering chord—shivering to my heart—I knew that the violin must become my master, or I its own.

"... I noticed afterwards, from time to time, how well the piano met the violin in divided passages, and how exactly they went together; but still those strings, that bow, were all in all for me; and Santonio was the scarcely perceptible presence of an intimate sympathy, veiled from me, as it were, by a hovering mist of sound. So it was especially in the slow movement, with its long sighs, like the voice of silence, and its short broken sobs of joy. The thrill of my brain, the deep tumult of my bosom, alone prevented me from tears, just as the rain falls not when the wind is swelling highest, but waits for the subsiding hush. The analogy will not serve me out, nevertheless; for at the close of the last movement, so breathless and so impetuous as it was, there was no hush, only a great din, in the midst of which I wept not: it was neither time nor place."

Anything that arouses enthusiasm in the mind of a young student is worth putting before him, even though he may smile over it in later years. I think this as I read over another extract from *Charles Auchester*. It is describing the arrival of that surprise present—his violin.

"A box!" ... It was a box truly, but what sort of box? It had a lid and a handle. It was also fastened with little hooks of brass. It was open; I don't know how. There it lay—there lay a real violin in the velvet lining of its varnished case!

"No, I could not bear it. It was of no use to try. I did not touch it, nor examine it. I flew away upstairs. I shut myself into the first room I came to, which happened to be Lydia's; but I did not care. I rushed up to the window and pressed my face against the cold glass. I sobbed; my head beat like a heart in my brain; I wept rivers. I don't suppose the same thing ever happened to any one else, therefore none can sympathise. It was mystery, it was passion, it was infinitude; it was to a soul like mine a romance so deep that it has never needed other.

My violin was mine, and I was it; and the beauty of my romance was in truth an ideal I knew no charmer, for he it remembered that more how to handle it than I should have known how to conduct at the festival.

"The first restoring fact I experienced was the thin yet rich vibration of that very violin. I heard its voice. Somebody was trying it—Davy no doubt; and that marvellous quality of tone which I name a double oneness reached and pierced me up the staircase and through the closed door. I could not endure to go down, and presently when I had begun to feel rather ghostly—for it was dead dark—I heard somebody come up and grope first here, then there, overhead and about, to find me. But I would not be found until all the places had been searched where I did not happen to be hidden. Then the person came to my door. It was Millicent. She drew me into the passage,

"Oh! I can't go down."

"Darling! do, for my sake. They are all so pleased. Mr. Davy has been playing, and he says it is a real Amati."

"But don't let Fred touch it, please, Millicent! for I had a vague idea it would not like to be touched by Fred."

"Why no one can touch it but Mr. Davy, not even you, Charles. Do come downstairs now and look at it."

"I went. Mr. Davy was holding it yet, but the instant I entered he advanced and placed it within my arms. I embraced it, much as young ladies embrace their first wax dolls, but with emotions as sweet, as deep, as mystical as those of the youth who first presses to his soul the breathing presence of his earliest love. I saw then that this violin was a tiny thing—a very fairy of a fiddle; it was certainly not new, but I did not know how very old it was, and should not have been the least aware how valuable it was, and of what a precious costliness, but for Davy's observation, 'Take care of it, Charles, and it will make you all you wish to be. I rather suspect Santonio will envy you its possession when he has tried it.'"

There are two more poetical touches that I should like to quote from this book. The first is, perhaps, suggestive of the "colour music" we hear discussed this season.

"Every instrument is as great with reference to others as some are in themselves."

"Seraphael* could not have put it better. I play the trombone. It is a great sacrifice at present."

"But," I returned, "I have not heard the instrument; is it not a splendid sort of trumpet? You mean it is not good for solos?"

"It is quite to itself—a mere abstraction considered by itself; but to the orchestra what red is to the rainbow."

"I know who said that. He puts brass last I see."

"Oh, you are a thief! You know everything already. Yes he does put the violet first."

"The violin? Yes, so he called it to me; but I did not know he was fond of calling it so."

"It is one of his theories. . . ."

"His theory. Oh, it was in this way! Strings first, of course, violet, indigo, blue—violin, violoncello, double-bass—upon these you repose; the vault is quite perfect. Green, the many-sounded kinds of wood, spring-hued flutes, deeper, yet softer, clarinette, bassoons the darkest tone, not to be surpassed in its shade—another vault. The brass, of

* I would like to add as a footnote that several characters in this book are supposed to be taken from real people. "Seraphael" was Mendelssohn.

course, is yellow, and if the horns suggest the paler dazzle, the trumpets take the golden orange, and the red is left for the trombones, vivid, or dun, and dusk."

My last quotation in associating the odour of violets with music, brings to my mind Shakespeare's lines:—

"That strain again—it had a dying fall;
Oh! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours."

In *Charles Auchester* we have it thus:—

"Thoné chose this cottage for me, because of the number of the flowers. I believe she thinks there is some charm in flowers which will prevent my becoming wicked! If you had been so kind as to bring your violin, I would have filled up the case with roses, and then you would not have had to carry them in your hands."

"But may I not have some, although I did not bring my violin? I never think of anything but violets, though, for strewing that sarcophagus."

"Sarcophagus means tomb, does it not? It is a fine idea of resurrection, when you take out the sleeping music and make it live. I know what you mean about violets; their perfume is like the tones of your instrument, and one can separate it from all other scents in the spring, as those tones from all other tones of the orchestra."

EVELYN.

Chopin Memorial Concert.

I AM glad to hear that the Chopin Memorial Concert, given by Miss Janotha recently, was very successful. The proceeds were devoted to erect a marble tablet in the church where Chopin was christened and his parents married. The tablet will be according to the design of Mr. Walter Spindler, who recently edited the tales of "John Oliver Hobbes," and the bust of Chopin will be made by Royal hands. Miss Janotha and all who contributed to this tribute to the Genius of Poland are to be congratulated on the success and sympathy which their efforts called forth.

Accidentals.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is composing a grand ballet for the Alhambra. What will the Academics say?

Cardiff Musical Festival takes place this month, 18th to 21st. Jenkins' cantata, *The Psalm of Life*, is the only new work on the programmes.

The Osterlein Wagner museum is now established in its new home at Eisenach, and an appeal is being made for the foundation of a Wagner Society to help to enlarge it, to make it known, etc.

The personality of Mr. Henry Lazarus, the eminent clarinet player, has been sworn at £652.

It is now definitely arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will visit America next spring. Their principal object is the production of the conductor's *Stabat Mater*.

Mlle. Gluck, the great-granddaughter of the composer, was convicted in a Paris police court recently of stealing a jacket from a concierge who had sheltered her. She is a school teacher, and unable to find work. She was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, but as it was her first offence, under the Berenger law the sentence was not enforced.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales,

LLANELLY.

JULY 30, 31, AUGUST 1 AND 2, 1895.

By IDRIS MAENGWYN.

IN these days, when the cry comes from every quarter for unity, it is interesting to observe that in Wales, where the war of factions is fiercest, there exists an institution in the form of the National Eisteddfod which draws men together such as nothing else possibly could.

This year's meetings were held at Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, when over £1,300 were offered in prizes for poetry, prose translations, music, arts, industries, etc., etc.

ADJUDICATORS IN MUSIC WERE:

Sir Joseph Barnby, London; Dr. Joseph Parry, Cardiff; David Jenkins, Esq., Mus. Bac., Aberystwyth; R. C. Jenkins, Esq., Llanelly; J. O. Shepherd, Esq., Liverpool; Professor Ebenezer Prout, Mus. Doc., London; John Thomas, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia), London; D. Emyln Evans, Esq., Cemmaes, and Eós Dâr, Pontypridd.

ARTISTS:

Miss Ella Russell, Madame S. J. Thomas, Miss May John, R.A.M., Miss Ceinwen Jones, R.A.M., Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Herbert Emyln, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, Penillion singer, Eós Dâr; Harpist, Miss Annie M. Hughes (Telynnoes Menai), R.A.M.

ACCOMPANISTS:

Mr. Luther Owen, Mr. W. H. Hulley, Mr. Richard Howell, Mr. Gwilym T. Rees.

Orchestra (50 performers).—Leader: Mr. E. G. Woodward. Chorus, The Eisteddfod Choir (numbering over 300 voices).—Conductor: Mr. John Thomas.

CONDUCTORS OF EISTEDDFOD MEETINGS: Mabon, Cadvan, Gurnos, Judge Edwards (America).

A splendid pavilion had been erected in the Market Place, with an area of 82,300 cubic feet, and accommodating between 18,000 and 20,000 people. The building, which was waterproof, is a permanent structure costing £5,000, and built by the local authority, who receive £1,000 for its use by the Eisteddfod Committee. It will ultimately become a portion of the Market proper. The lighting arrangements were excellent, the Llanelly Gas-Light Company having kindly undertaken to provide the necessary fittings, etc., etc., free of cost. The huge building had been appropriately decorated, and above the platform were the names of the departed bards, musicians, etc.

THE FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The first meeting was opened at 10.30 with a selection by the Llanelly Town Band, conducted by Sergeant J. Samuel. Gurnos acted as conductor of the meeting.

The Eisteddfod song, "Gwlad y Delyn" (J. Henry), was admirably rendered by Mr. Herbert Emyln. The meeting was presided over by Sir Arthur C. Stepany, Bart.

Competition, Penillion singing with the harp, in accordance with South Wales custom. Prize, £1 12. Adjudicator, Eós Dâr. Eight competitors. Prize was divided between Mr. Wm. Watkins, Cap Coch, Aberdare, and Mr. Peter James (pedr ap Joan), Llanovery.

Competition, Baritone Song. Test piece, "Lead, kindly Light" (D. Pughe Evans). Prize, £2. Seventy-six competitors. A highly interesting competition. Best, Mr. Iver Foster, Penygraig, Rhondda.

Competition, String Quartette. "Mozart in B \flat " 6/8 time. No. 15. Prize, £5. 4 parties entered; only 1 appeared before the audience.

The adjudication was delivered by Sir Joseph Barnby, who was accompanied by Dr. Parry, and Mr. J. O. Shepherd. Sir Joseph said he had the greatest possible pleasure—and he was speaking for his colleagues—in being present. They had heard with considerable astonishment the playing of the string quartette. It seemed to him a matter for congratulation to Wales that four gentlemen could be found to play so admirably together, and with so much musicianly feeling as these gentlemen had just shown. He and his colleagues had come to the conclusion that the playing was very good playing, and that the ensemble was almost as perfect as it could be expected to be. The quartette was well balanced, and if there was to be special reference to anything, it must be to the admirable leading of the first violin. Accuracy, of course, was to be expected in cases like this. They had no right to come before them unless they could play accurately. This party had played with great delicacy, and entered fully into the spirit of the composer. They could not lay too much

stress upon the fact that this was the beginning of good things for Wales. Wales had already done good things in a very great measure in the matter of choral singing and solo singing, and now he hoped they were going to have good things in the way of instrumental music, both solo and quartette, to be then developed, he hoped, into orchestral playing. That was the thing he was most looking forward to, and he hoped they in Wales were looking forward to it. If there was one thing more than another to note, it was the admirable phrasing of these four gentlemen. He congratulated them on having a quartette like this, which they ought not to be proud of in their own neighbourhood alone, but in the whole of the Principality (applause). The winning party was the Pontypridd String Quartette, led by Mr. H. C. Mellon.

It will be interesting to note that this quartette was victorious at last year's National Eisteddfod at Carnarvon.

Competition: Duet (Soprano and Alto)—"Power Eternal" (Rossini's *Stabat Mater*), prize, £2. 26 parties entered. 3 parties appeared before the public.

Dr. Parry in delivering the adjudication said that the prize was won by party No. 2,—viz., Miss Beatrice Edwards, Cardiff, and Miss Kathleen Evans, Pontypridd,—whose voices were admirably well balanced, and of excellent quality.

Competition: pianoforte solo, "Fantaisie Impromptu" in C sharp minor, Opus. 66 (Chopin). Prize, £2. 59 competitors. Best, Miss Crews, Swansea.

Sir Joseph Barnby, in giving the reward, said that all competitors exhibited a very good amount of execution; but, on the other hand, they gave cold-blooded performances, with the exception of the winner, who showed a thorough appreciation of the genius of Chopin.

Competition: Mezzo-Soprano Song: "Rwy'n caru pêr awel yr hwydd-ddydd" (Wm. Davies), prize, £2. 51 competitors. Best, Miss Maggie Morris, Tonyrefail.

Competition: Cello Solo, "Chanson à boire" (Emile Dunker), prize, £2. 3 competitors. Best, Mr. W. Josty, Cardiff.

Competition on the Quartette: "The Parting Kiss" (Pinsuti), prize, £4. 30 parties entered. Best party having very good combination, excellent feeling, and a very sympathetic rendering throughout—viz., Miss M. Morris, Tonyrefail, Miss Gwendoline Foster, Mr. T. Hughes, and Mr. Iver Foster. Competition: pedal harp solo, "Fugue and Gavotte" (Corelli) arranged by John Thomas. 7 competitors, prize, £2. Mr. J. O. Shepherd said the whole of the harps were well tuned; both tone and execution were good, but in the case of one player the octaves in the bass in the finale were better placed than the others. Best, Mr. Theophilus Davies, Cwmavon, Aberdare.

Adjudication on the short complete work (Motet or Cantata) scored for a small orchestra, Welsh words from Holy Writ, with an adaptation in English (to be provided by the composer): prize, £10.

Adjudicators: Sir Joseph Barnby, Messrs. Joseph Parry (Mus. Doc.), D. Jenkins (Mus. Bac.). 9 competitors.

Sir Joseph Barnby delivered the adjudication, and in the course of his remarks the distinguished musician said that when he visited the Eisteddfod after sixteen years' absence he found an immense improvement. Vocal and choral music was cultivated to a degree that fairly startled and amazed him. (Cheers.) He was only too glad, therefore, to admit that he, who had devoted his whole life to choral music, was simply amazed with what he had already heard at the Eisteddfod. (Cheers.) He was told by his friends that he would be still more amazed before he would leave Wales, but he would await the future. (Cheers.) Referring to the compositions received for competition, he had arrived at the conclusion, after careful consideration, that they were not sufficiently good to merit a prize. In saying this he had no doubt they would appreciate his honesty. (Hear, hear.) It were of no use raising their hopes unnecessarily. There were some instances in which the competitors had shown decided talent, but no culture. It was of no use trying to write such a composition without culture, and they beheld an instance of it in Dr. Parry, who stood beside him, a man who had worked hard all his life. (Cheers.)

Second Choral Competition. (Open to all comers.) 80 to 100 voices. Prize, £60.

(a) "The Night is Departing" (*Mendelssohn*).

(b) "Y Danchwa" ("The Explosion") (*Alaric Ddu*).

Adjudicators:—Sir Joseph Barnby, Messrs. Joseph Parry (Mus. Doc.), D. Jenkins (Mus. Bac.), J. O. Shepherd, R. C. Jenkins, R.A.M.

Competitors:—

1. Maesteg United Choir.
2. Briton Ferry United Choir.
3. Soar United Choir.
4. Brynmanor Choral Society.
5. Bulth and District Harmonic Society.
6. Treorchy United Choir.
7. Vayshir Choir.

Sir Joseph Barnby delivered the adjudication on behalf of his colleagues, and stated that after the

singing of the first two or three choirs he was beginning to feel very doubtful whether Wales was going to act up to its reputation, because such singing was not what would have been desired outside Wales. Up to that time the adjudicators were inclined to withhold or reduce the prize, but afterwards he was very pleased with the rendering of choir No. 5, to which the prize would be awarded. This choir was conducted by Mr. Evan Evans (Llew Bualt), Bulth Wells.

FIRST EVENING CONCERT.

In the evening, at 7.30, the first concert in connection with the Eisteddfod was held in the Pavilion. It included a performance of Handel's *Serenata Ari e Galatia*. The chorus and orchestra sang and played in a way that reflected great credit on all, especially Messrs. Thomas and Woodward.

Miss Russell has a magnificent voice, and won the favour of the audience in her very first song. Mr. Ben Davies came in for a splendid reception, and the magic of his voice exercised its old irresistible charm, and his rendering of "Love in her eyes" was really very telling. Quite as big a favourite was Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, our second Santley. Nothing could be finer than his treatment of "I rage, I melt, I burn," and "O ruddier than the cherry." Mr. Davies was vociferously encored, but he did not respond. Mr. Herbert Emyln is the possessor of a very fine, rich tenor voice, and was heard to every advantage in the solo, "Would you gain the tender creature?" I heartily congratulate Mr. Emyln on his first appearance as an artiste at our National gathering, and sincerely trust he will still rise higher in his musical career.

MISCELLANEOUS—PART II.

Overture, "Stradella" (*Flotow*). Orchestra. Song, "The Sailor's Grave" (*Sullivan*). Mr. Herbert Emyln. Trombone Solo, "The Artist" (*Grand Fantaisie Obligato* (*Frost*)). Mr. W. H. Lorne.

Song, "Home of my heart" (*Leoni*). Mr. Ben Davies. Song, "Jewel Song" (*Gounod*). Miss Russell. Oboe Solo, "Fantaisie Original" (*H. G. Lebon*). Mr. H. G. Lebon.

(With Orchestral Accompaniment).

Solo, "The Prologue to Pagliacci" (*L. Corvillo*). Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.

Bassoon Solo, "Song in Cellar Cool" (*Aberthaw*). M. R. Draper.

Duet, "Sul Compo" (*Bellavario*) Donizetti. Mr. Ben Davies & Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.

3 Dances, "From Henry VIII." (*Ed. German*) Orchestra. Finale. "God Save the Queen."

In Part II. the orchestra was conducted by Serg. J. Samuel.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

President: The Right Hon. Earl of Ashburnham.

Conductors: Cadvan and Judge Edwards.

The Eisteddfod song, "Hoffwlad fy ngenedigaeth" (Dr. Parry), was charmingly sung by our renowned tenor, Mr. Ben Davies.

Competition: Slide Trombone Solo, "Cavatina" (Richards), prize, £2. Thirteen competitors. Best, Mr. F. G. Hannay, Morriston.

Competition: Juvenile choirs, not exceeding fifty voices. No member to be over fifteen years of age on date of competition, tenors and basses to be allowed in addition.

(a) "Come, praise your Lord and Saviour" (*Tom Price*).

(b) "Fall of Bacchus" (*C. Mendway Davies*).

1st prize, £10; and prize, £5.

Adjudicators:—Sir Joseph Barnby, Messrs. J. Parry (Mus. Doc.), David Jenkins (Mus. Bac.), J. O. Shepherd, and R. C. Jenkins, R.A.M.

The following choirs appeared:—

1. Merthyr United.
2. Llanelly Juvenile Choir.
3. Dowlais Juvenile Choir.
4. Clydach Vale Band of Hope Choir.
5. Newcastle Emyln Juvenile Choir.
6. Abercarnid Juvenile Choir.
7. Dafen United Juvenile Choir (Llanelly).
8. Maesteg Juvenile Choir.
9. Soar Juvenile Choir (Llanelly).
10. Mountain Ash Juvenile Choir.

Dr. Parry delivered the adjudication as follows:—

First choir sang with sweetness of intonation and charming blending of voices at the end of page 7. Pitch in time, style refined, expression good, articulation clear—in all, an excellent rendering. The second choir was not up to the standard of the first in either of the points named; page 7 not true here. There was considerable merit, but No. 1 excelled them. No. 3 choir. Too much marcato in style at the close of the first piece, slightly untrue in intonation. In the second piece the style was better; some of the chromatics rather mixed. The tone and quality here much better, also the tempo and style. No. 4. Tone thinner; intonation rather mixed, style also not up to the others; as a whole, colourless. No. 5. At the start voices sweetly pure, enunciation excellent, style matured, phrasing superior, but there was here a mischievous tenor. Then their intonation became

very bad, and took nearly all the good marks previously earned by them. No. 6. Voices light and fresh, though young; oneness of movement very good; phrasing also satisfactory. An intellectual rendering of both pieces; their cadences very good; best of all in one particular, elasticity of tone, while time was excellent. A good choir and an able conductor. No. 7. Tempo somewhat slow, voices rather thin, expression lacking in warmth, in tone rather colourless; as a whole, inanimate. Pitch good; the second piece had much more verve about it. No. 8. Voices not good, the first piece wanting in style; the second piece of the same low standard. No. 9. Fair voices; style and expression fairly good. The first piece much better than the second. Very fair rendering. No. 10. Breadth of style, fine body of tone; full of dignity and wealth of tone.

1st, Abercarnid Choir; 2nd, Myrddin United Choir.

Competition: Male Alto Song. "The Chorister," Key E (Sullivan); prize £2, 16 competitors. Best, Master Evan Evans, Capocch, Aberdare.
Competition: Violin Solo, "Romance in G" (Beethoven) Opus 40 (Peters' Edition), prize £2.

In giving the adjudication, Sir Joseph Barnby said he was very glad to have been associated with that competition. He was present at the preliminary contest, and he listened to 17 competitors and found that there was scarcely one of them that would not be capable of taking a decent part in an orchestral performance. (Applause.) Of the three he had selected to appear before the public, he knew he would have very great difficulty in making a final selection for the prize.

The fact was that he was faced by two difficulties. Would he take the most musicianly rendering or take bigness of tone? He naturally came to a compromise. Everything was a compromise in these days. (Laughter.) In giving the prize to No. 1 he wished it to be understood that there was hardly a shade of difference between the whole three. The winner was Mr. Edward Morgan, Aberdare.

Competition: Trio, "The Angel's Trio," Dr. Joseph Parry's "Saul of Tarsus," prize £3, 28 parties competed, 3 appeared before the public. In giving the award, Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., paid a high compliment to the singing of the three parties, which was excellent. The prize was awarded to the party consisting of Miss M. A. Morris, Mr. Iver Foster, and Mr. T. Hughes, Penygraig.

Chief Choral Competition (open to all comers). 150 to 200 voices.

(a) "Hail, bright abode" (Wagner's "Tannhäuser").
(b) "How dread the scene" (Jenkins' "St. David").
(c) "Put off, O Jerusalem" (Dr. Hubert Parry's "Judith").
Prize £200, and £5 5s. worth of music books given to the conductor by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.
Adjudicators—Sir Joseph Barnby, Messrs. Jos. Parry, Mus. Doc., D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., R. C. Jenkins, R.A.M., J. O. Shepherd.

The accompaniments were played by the Eisteddfod Orchestra, led by Mr. E. G. Woodward.

The following choirs competed:—

1. Dowlais Philharmonic Society. Conductor, Harry Evans.
2. Treynon United Choir. Conductor, Jenkin Morris.
3. Carmarthen United Choir. Conductor, D. C. Davies.
4. Rhymney United Choir. Conductor, Wm. Price.
5. Treherbert and Blamycrom Choral Union. Conductor, E. Watkin.
6. Rhondda Philharmonic Society. Conductor, D. T. Prosser.
7. Merthyr Choral Society. Conductor, Dan Davies.

Never in the history of the national Eisteddfod has so indescribable a scene ever been witnessed as that which occurred during the singing of the chief choral competition. The large and enthusiastic audience not only occupied every place of vantage in the pavilion, but thousands flocked round the outskirts of the building, which is situated in the market place, and again was the thirsting crowd peering through the four entrance gates of the market, and assembling in the adjoining streets listening with rapt attention to the renderings of the respective choirs. Applications for admittance into any of the seats had long been denied, and no approximate estimate of the huge concourse of spectators in the town could be made, but no less than twenty thousand could have been present in the pavilion during the hearing of this competition.

Before the first choir sang, a little hitch arose, which at one period looked likely to end unpleasantly. It was discovered that one of the adjudicators, in the person of Sir Joseph Barnby, was absent. This announcement caused keen disappointment among the audience, which by this time was of immense proportions.

At this point, a portion of the vast audience commenced to sing the words,—

Iesu cyffail f'enaid eu.

to the grand tune of "Aberystwyth," composed by Dr. Parry. The refrain was immediately taken up, but the time was rather faulty, there being no conductor. From "Aberystwyth" the audience glided to "Crugbar," when, amid great cheering, Dr. Parry came to the front, and, taking up a violin bow, led the 20,000 voices.

Everybody stood bareheaded, and joined in the singing, which rose and fell like a mighty wave. The orchestra, waiting for the chief choral competition, were on the platform, and the doctor directed them to join in, with the result that cold-blooded English pressmen and visitors got wild with delight. It was a spectacle which nowhere else could be witnessed, and which no one present is likely soon to forget.

When this was over, Sir Joseph, who had been kept out by the huge crowds blocking every entrance, turned up, and joined his colleagues.

It was nearly 3 o'clock before the first choir was allowed to commence the contest. It was 7 o'clock when the competition ended, and fully 7.30 before the award was made known.

ADJUDICATION BY SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

The Prize Divided.

Sir Joseph Barnby said that on the previous day he had, in the course of an adjudication, dropped a remark which had been much misunderstood. The remark was to the effect that they as adjudicators found their verdict in the verdict of the audience, and that it was the same as their own. That was what he said, but he fancied that what was understood was that they (the adjudicators) cut their cloth according to the measure of the audience. Now, they were not likely to do that, and as far as he was concerned, 50,000 people would not make the slightest difference. (Applause.) He came there to act honestly and straightforwardly, and that he intended to do to the end of that great festival. But now he desired to say that he congratulated Wales upon having such magnificent choirs as he heard that day. (Cheers.) He could not suppose for a single moment that in any other part of this great kingdom could such magnificent choirs be found. But what he wanted to know was, what was to become of all this. Were they going to condemn the choirs to simply getting up one piece of music during nine months and bring them to the Eisteddfod at the end of that time. It was not worth while doing simply that. (Cheers.) What he wanted them to understand was this: that there was such a thing as music quite apart from making it the handmaid, yes, he would say, a means of pot-making. Now, he did not want that to be a stigma upon them. He wanted Wales to go forward in such a way as to make all England ring with it. What they were doing that day was known throughout the length and breadth of Wales, but it was not known throughout the length and breadth of England, much less France, Germany, and Italy. But he might say that if any of the people of those countries heard such singing as they had heard that day, they would go away amazed. (Applause.) They all knew Nasmyth's steam hammer. That would wield enormous masses of iron, and at the same time crack a nut. They in Wales were condemning that steam hammer to cracking nuts all the days of its existence. What they wanted was, to unite these great choirs and have not a National Eisteddfod, but a National Festival, say every two years. (Loud applause.) They did not want to hear one little movement now and then. They wanted to hear the greatest works of the greatest composers done in such a style as could only be done in Wales. (Applause.) Of course, he was only a mere Englishman (laughter); but he did say this, that his heart sympathised with them, and was beating hard at that time in sympathy with their desires. But those desires must be a little higher and a little broader. It was his interest in music, first of all, that made him say that, and then his interest in Wales. He came sixteen years ago to an Eisteddfod in the Rhondda Valley, and was amazed at what he heard then. Two or three years later, he came to an Eisteddfod not very far from Llanelli—he would not name the place,—and he was amazed in another direction. There was a classical concert at the end of that Eisteddfod, and at the end of the first few movements it was broken up, and had

never existed again. The people would not have classical music.

Now, he was telling them to show how different things were in the present day from what they were fourteen years ago. Let them depend upon it that the people on the Continent were moving, and England was moving. In Wales they had reached a high point in vocal and choral music. Keep that, but let them remember that they had other things to conquer. They had to produce orchestras that would be as fine as their choirs were. At present, not only were their orchestras not as fine as their choirs, but they were not fine at all. They were not at all creditable to them. Of course he was not speaking of the orchestra that had played that day. Far from it. He was speaking of orchestras that were spread over the country. Wales had one or two composers of whom she had reason to be proud. Here was one (pointing to Dr. Parry), and there was another (Mr. D. Jenkins). He had seen a large number of compositions lately, and what did he see in them? He saw plenty of talent. The musical talent in this country was simply astounding. (Applause.) But he saw also a total want of training. They wanted to get hold of these and get them thoroughly trained. As it was, they piled up bricks and called it architecture. Now to come to the choirs: he need not speak of the anxiety they had gone through in that grave six feet below the surface. (Laughter.) That they were alive to tell the tale was not the fault of the committees. (Laughter.) He hoped on another occasion that they should not be placed under ground but raised on a pedestal. (Applause.) Surely they had no doubt of their honesty? He was not going to give them details of the choirs: to speak of the superb voices and the splendid attack. The difficulty they had was one which, he was sure, all would credit them with. Two of the choirs were so close that they did not know what to do. There was one choir which might possibly have gained the prize if it had not been for one thing, that its very fire led it into mischief, and it sang out of tune. He was not going to say which choir that was. They had come to the conclusion that the prize should be divided. That might be thought a very lame conclusion; but what were they to do when it was a case of half a dozen of one and six of another. He wished to say that they warmly commended No. 1 (Dowlais). The prize would be divided between No. 4 (Rhymney), and No. 7 (Merthyr). Loud and continued cheering, after which the successful conductors were invested by Miss Morgan, sister of Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P.

SECOND EVENING CONCERT.

The above was held at 8 o'clock, under the presidency of Dr. J. A. Jones, J.P. The feature was the rendering of Dvorak's dramatic cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*. It was a bold experiment to bring a work like the above before an Eisteddfod audience. Nevertheless chorus and artists well sustained their high reputation, and gave a most creditable performance of the work.

ARTISTS:

Miss Ella Russell, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.
The Eisteddfod Choir (300 voices) and the Eisteddfod Orchestra.

LEADER: Mr. E. G. Woodward.
CONDUCTOR: Mr. Jno. Thomas.

PROGRAMME:

Introduction "The Stroke of Midnight soon will Come." Orchestra.
Chorus, "Where art thou, Father?" Miss Russell.
Solo and Chorus, "The Picture on a sudden Moves," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, Mr. Ben Davies, and Choir.
Duet, "Ah, dearest Child, how is't with Thee?" Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Russell.
Solo and Chorus, "Nature was clad in Gloom of Night," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Solo and Chorus, "And on he went with rapid Gait," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Duet, "Fair is the Night," Miss Russell and Mr. Ben Davies.
Solo and Chorus, "He grips the Book," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Solo and Chorus, "And out of Caverns under ground," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Duet, "Fair is the Night," Miss Russell and Mr. Ben Davies.
Solo and Chorus, "The Pathway now less rugged grows," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Duet, "Now, when the Night so fair doth show," Miss Russell and Mr. Ben Davies.
Solo and Chorus, "There stood a Pile," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Recit. and Chorus, "See, now, my Sweetheart," Miss Russell, Mr. Ben Davies, and Choir.
Solo and Chorus, "He leapt the Wall," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Solo and Chorus, "And at the Door there came a Knock," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.
Solo, "O Virgin Mother," Miss Russell.
Solo and Chorus, "There crew a Cock," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Choir.

THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The Presidents were Sir J. T. D. Llewellyn, Bart., and Mayor Jones, M.P.

Conductors: Cadran and Mabon.

The proceedings at the pavilion were opened at 10 o'clock with a selection by the Llanelly Town Band, conducted by Sergt. J. Samuel.

(The Eisteddfod proceedings were preceded by an excellent Gorsedd on the people's park, at 8.30 in the morning).

The Eisteddfod song, "Bugail Aberdyfi," was rendered in splendid style, by Mr. Ffrangcon Davies. The popular baritone was encored, a compliment which he acknowledged by coming forward a second time.

Competition: Duet (Tenor and Bass). "The moon has raised her lamp above" (Julius Benedict), prize, £2. 36 parties competed. Best, Mr. L. Bown, Aberdulas; and Mr. Richard Thomas, Llanelly. A very good competition.

Competition: B flat clarinet solo, "Cavatina Fantasia, Ernani and Sonnambula" (Verdi's), arranged by H. Lazarus. Prize, £2. 5 competitors. Mr. J. O. Shepherd gave the award, and said that not one was very good, fair execution, and fair tone throughout. Best, Mr. Tom Cooke, Merthyr, and a special prize of 10s. 6d. was given by Sir J. T. D. Llewellyn to a young performer named T. Mander, Cardiff.

Competition: quartette, "Sleep, my Darling" (Dr. Joseph Parry). Prize, £4. 26 parties competed. 4 appeared to the public. Mr. R. C. Jenkins gave the award as follows:—

No. 1. Too much *Tremolo* by alto and tenor, bass and alto weak.

No. 2. Good tone throughout. Having fair style, and good finish.

No. 3. Not so well as the first two parties. A little out of tune.

No. 4. Excellent performance, splendid voices, perfect cadences, excellent intonation and expression throughout. Decidedly the best, viz., Miss M. Morris, Tonyrefail; Miss Gwen. Foster, Penygraig; Mr. Ted Hughes, Llwynpia; Mr. Iver Foster, Penygraig.

Competition: Female choirs not over 30 voices. Test pieces:—

(a) "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out" (Mendelssohn).

(b) "Clychau Aberdyfi" (Arranged by Emyln Evans).

Prize, £15 (Prize given by Messrs. Lever Bros.), and a baton to the Conductress of winning choir:

Adjudicators:—Sir Jos. Barnby, Messrs. Jos. Parry, Mus. Doc, Dd. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., R. C. Jenkins, R.A.M., J. O. Shepherd.

The following choirs competed:—

1. The Gwent Ladies Choir; Conductress, Miss Morris.

2. Maesteg Ladies Choir; Conductress, Miss Morgan.

3. Maesteg Ladies' Choral Society; Conductress, Miss Hughes.

Mr. D. Jenkins, as one of the adjudicators, observed a slight deterioration in the quality of the ladies' voices during the four years that the competition had been included in the National Eisteddfod programme. The performance of one of the choirs, however, was excellent. The first choir were weak in the soprano passages, and shaky in intonation in one portion of the test piece. The alto solo was better than the duet, but the *tempo* movement was too quick. The second piece was sung a great deal better. The solos in the second choir were splendidly rendered, and the choir was better balanced and richer in tone, the notes being well sustained. The choir also gave a creditable rendering of "Clychau Aberdyfi." The third choir were not so clear, and not in so good tune as the other choirs. The chorus was slightly better, but the solos were again out of tune. The prize was awarded to the second choir (Miss Minnie Morgan, conductress).

Competition: Female Alto Song, "The Worker," in F minor (Gounod). Prize £2. 52 Competitors. Best, Miss Kathleen Evans, Pontypool.

Competition: Penillion singing, in accordance with North Wales custom. Prize £1. Adjudicator, Eos Dar. 12 Competitors. Best, Mr. Howell Harries, Felinfoel, Llanelly, and a special prize was awarded to Miss Blodwen Rees, Bettws.

Competition: Soprano Solo, "Ernani, O come and fly with me" (Verdi's "Ernani"). Prize £2. 46 competitors, but the following four only appeared before the audience, viz:—

1. Mrs. John Thomas, Llanelly; 2. Miss Nellie Griffiths, Cardiff; 3. Miss Beatrice Edwards, Cardiff; 4. Miss M. S. Morris, Tonyrefail. An excellent competition.

A HIGH TRIBUTE FROM SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Sir Joseph Barnby, who was one of the adjudicators, said it appeared to him that the contest that had just taken place illustrated one of those things that had struck him very much during the present Eisteddfod. That was, that there seemed to him to be a want of some sense of proportion. He found, as he had told them the previous day, that some of the finest choirs in existence were content to come there year after year simply trying for a prize, and gaining no more reputation than was to be obtained inside a compass of a few miles. What he had told them the previous day was that he hoped they would find it necessary to extend their horizon very much. What had struck him about the choirs again struck him that day. They would scarcely believe him, perhaps, when he put before them the fact in its pure nakedness, that the four magnificent singers they had just heard were competing for a prize of two guineas. ("Shame.") He could not bring himself to believe this extraordinary thing. Why were these voices kept such a profound secret? Why was it they knew nothing of these voices in London? (Loud cheers.) It might be news to the majority of them that he was himself conducting year by year a number of

concerts at the Albert Hall in London, but they experienced a great difficulty indeed in finding sopranos and contraltos who could fill that huge place. They were at the present moment being supplied with them from America, and they were very well supplied, he was bound to say; but why should they be obliged to go 4,000 miles for sopranos when they had such voices as they had just heard he could not himself imagine. (Cheers.) He would tell them in plain terms: He had heard nothing so electrical during the present Eisteddfod as the singing in this contest, and that was saying a lot. (Loud cheers.) Let them not misunderstand him. He did not mean to say that any one of these four competitors was a finished singer! but whose fault was that? (Hear, hear.) If they would come there and compete for two guineas, he was not surprised to find that they could not afford it; but was there no public spirit in Wales? (Loud cheers.) Had they no pride in the singers they had already sent to England? (Cheers.) Those persons had done more to gain a reputation in the world than any others. (Hear, hear.) Personally, he should feel ashamed if he did not have a chance of hearing those singers again under wider circumstances. (Cheers.) In conclusion, Sir Joseph wished them to understand that the words he had uttered were said in all honesty and with all his heart and soul. (Loud cheers.)

Dr. Joseph Parry, who followed, said that never in the whole of his eisteddfodic experience had he such a trial as in the present case. In the first instance he selected no fewer than six to appear on the platform. It had been painful to him to be obliged to exclude two of these, but there were definite commands by the committee that they should be reduced to three. Dr. Parry then proceeded to deal with the competitions *seriatim*. No. 1 possessed a pure soprano voice, and had rendered the recitative in truly dramatic style. The first aria was rendered with burning passion, the dramatic intensity of the second being remarkable, and the rendering was given with a warmth of expression up to the high standard of a true artist. (Cheers.) Out of ten possible marks she had received the whole number. (Cheers.) The second singer possessed a rich voice, but the declamation in the recitative was hardly up to the first singer. In the first aria the top notes were bell-like, but the appeal, "O, come! O, come!" was not given so passionately as by the first singer. The florid passages were also more flurried than the first singer, but she was nevertheless a born artist. Her number of marks was seven. The third singer possessed a magnificent oratorio voice, which she used with dignity and breadth. She had a most artistic voice, and was worthy the eight marks accorded her. The fourth singer had another fine voice. The first air was given with much passion, and in the second her pleadings "O, come! O, come!" were most tempting. (Laughter and cheers.) She had been given the same number of marks as No. 2. His colleagues and himself joined in declaring that the competition was of such a high standard that they appealed to the committee to award a guinea to each of the other singers besides No. 1, who would be awarded the first prize. (Cheers.) Major Bythway generously gave a sum, so that the prizes might be doubled, Mabon also giving a guinea. Mrs. Thomas was invested by Mr. Ben Davies amid tumultuous applause.

Competition: Pedal Harp Solo, "Echoes of a Waterfall" (John Thomas). Prize £2. 8 Competitors. Best, Mr. Gwilym Thomas, Llanelly.

Competition: Bass Solo, "The Lord worketh wonders" (Handel). Prize £2. 70 competitors. Best, Mr. John Broad, Ystrad Rhondda.

Competition: Pianoforte Solo, "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," Opus 14 (Mendelssohn). Prize £2. 75 competitors; 4 appeared for the final test.

The award was made by Sir Joseph Barnby, who spoke very highly of the performance. He said that the four players brought on the platform were but little ahead of many of the others who had to be discarded in the preliminary test. It would be a great achievement indeed to be successful in that contest, and even to be unsuccessful was no disgrace. The winner was Miss Maggie Davies, Maesteg.

Orchestral Band Competition, 30 to 40 in number. 1st prize, £30; 2nd prize, £10.

Overture to "Rosamunde" (Schubert). Adjudicators: Sir Joseph Barnby, Messrs. Jos. Parry, Mus. Doc, Dd. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., J. O. Shepherd, R. C. Jenkins, R.A.M. Competitors: 1. Llanelly Orchestral Band; 2. Cardiff Y.M.C.A.; 3. Treheris String Band (J. Samuel).

1st prize, Llanelly Orchestral Band; 2nd prize, Treheris String Band.

Competition: Congregational Choirs, not over 80 voices. Prize £30.

Test pieces: (a) "O taste and see" (Sir John Goss); (b) "Morhawgar yn dy bebyll" (W. T. Samuel).

The following choirs took part:—

1. Tabernacle Choir, Llwnhendy; conducted by Mr. D. P. Thomas.

2. Morriston Scion Choir; conducted by Mr. Thomas Davis.

3. Bryn Choir, Llanelly; conducted by Mr. J. Elias Hughes.

Best, Morriston Choir.

THIRD EVENING CONCERT.

A largely attended and highly successful concert was held in the evening at 7.30 under the presidency of W. J. Buckley, Esq., J.P. The programme was of a miscellaneous character, the artists being:—

ARTISTS.

Miss Ella Russell, Miss Ceinwen Jones, Miss A. M. Hughes (Telynore Menai), Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, Mr. H. G. Lebon, Mr. Joseph Owen, Mr. Paul Draper, Eos Dar, and Master Lewis.

Miss Ceinwen Jones's grand contralto voice was displayed to great advantage in "My Heart is Weary," which was warmly applauded. She was not so happy in the selection of her second song, viz., "King of Shula." Nevertheless she was well received, and made a favourable impression on the vast interested assemblage.

We heartily congratulate Miss A. M. Hughes on being engaged as solo harpist to this year's national gathering, and wish her every success in her career at the Royal Academy of Music, where she lately won the Erard Harp Scholarship. Her part at the above concert was well sustained, the piece being John Thomas's "Reverie." Messrs. Ben Davies and Ffrangcon Davies were most enthusiastically encored in their respective songs—the former responding with "Myf sy'n magu'r babau" (Owain Alaw), and the latter with a composition of his own, called "Na, na'n wir!" a most humorous little ditty.

Miss Ella Russell came in for a shower of applause after her second song, which well displayed her vocal powers.

Appended is the programme:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Glee, "Y Blodeuyn Olaf" (Lloyd) Choir

"Cello Solo, "Caprice Hongrois" (E. Dukler) Mr. Joseph Owen

Song, "My heart is weary" (Goring Thomas) Miss Ceinwen Jones

Song (encored), "The Bay of Biscay" (Davey) Mr. Ben Davies

Song, "Softly Sighs" (Weber) Miss Russell

Harp Solo, "Reverie" (John Thomas) Telynore Menai

Solo (encored), "The Toreador's Song" (Carmen) Mr. Ffrangcon Davies

Duet, "Una notte a Venezia" (Gounod) Miss Russell and Mr. Ben Davies

PART II.

Part Song, "Rest, soldiers, rest" (J. H. Roberts) Choir

Song, "The Promise of the King" (L'Erre) Mr. Ffrangcon Davies

Recit. and Air, "Lend me your aid" ("L'Arme de Sola," Gounod) Mr. Ben Davies

Song, "Ave Maria" (with violin obligato, Gounod) Miss Russell

Violin Solo Master Lewis

Song, "King of Shula" (Liszt) Miss Ceinwen Jones

Duet, "Templar and Rebecca" ("Ivanhoe," Sullivan) Miss Russell and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies

"Cello Solo, "Danse Hollandaise" (E. Dukler) Mr. Joseph Owen

Quartette, "Un di si hen" ("Rigolette," Donizetti) Miss Russell, Miss Ceinwen Jones, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies

Glee, "Y Gwanwyn" (Gwilym Gwent) Choir

Finale "God save the Queen."

FOURTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

A few minutes after ten o'clock the Llanelly Town Band ascended the platform and provided the opening selection of music to commence the day's proceedings.

President: C. W. Mansell Lewis, Esq. The Eisteddfod Song, "Cymru Fydd" (Dr. Parry), was magnificently sung by Miss May John, the audience joining in the chorus. Miss John is a student at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and promises to be a soprano of the first rank. We heartily wish her every success.

Competition: Cornet Duett. Bellini's "Norma." Prize £1. 5 parties competed. Best, Miss David John and John Arthur, Llanelly.

Competition: Tenor Solo, "God breaketh the battle" (Dr. Hubert Parry's "Judith"). Prize £2. 51 competitors entered but were reduced to four at the preliminary contest. Mr. D. Jenkins, Aberystwyth, in the course of a lengthy adjudication, repeated the complimentary remarks made by Sir Joseph Barnby at the preliminary contest, in which the latter adjudged the competitors to a more careful course of preparation in other solos besides that in the test piece, in order that they might more easily overcome any intricacies in the test piece. The person who received the greatest favour by them had given a soul-inspiring rendering throughout. Gwyn Alaw proved to be the successful competitor, and when appearing on the platform to be invested, the popular tenor, in response to the calls of the audience, sang a Welsh song, called "Baner ein Gwlad" (Dr. Joseph Parry).

Adjudication on the orchestral or choral work (with full orchestral accompaniment), to Welsh or English words (limited to Welsh competitors). Prize £50 (given by the National Eisteddfod Association). Adjudicators: Mr. Elessner Prout (Eben Alaw), John Thomas (Pencerrdd Gwlad), D. Emyln Evans. Competitors: Wolfgang, Selaw, Muscorum Perstudiosus.

The declaration of the adjudicators was, that neither was worthy of the prize, the high standard of a National Eisteddfod not having been reached.

Competition: Trio, "The Troubadour" (Macfarren). Prize £3. Best, Miss Morris, Tonyrefail, and party.

Competition: Male Chorus, 60 to 80 voices. Prize £60.

(a) "The Druid's Chorus" (Dr. Joseph Parry).

(b) "Safe in Port" (Jean Limnander).

Adjudicators: Sir Joseph Barnby, Messrs. Joseph Parry, Mus. Doc., D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., R. C. Jenkins, R.A.M., J. O. Shepherd.
The following choirs competed:—
1. Pontycymer. Conductor, Mr. Tom Richards.
2. Amman Glee Society. Conductor, Mr. D. E. Davies and Mr. Mabon.
3. Treorky. Conductor, Mr. Wm. Thomas.
4. Porth and Cymmer, Male Voice Choir. Conductor, Mr. Rees Evans.
The competition lasted an hour and a half.

SPEECH BY SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Sir Joseph Barnby appeared on the platform almost immediately after the last choir had completed their rendering, and delivered the adjudication. They had heard him (he said) with so much kindness during the past four or five days, that he was presumably permitted to begin his remarks with one or two of a personal nature. About eight or ten months ago he descended very nearly into "the Valley of the Shadow of Death," but he was very glad to say that he came out of it. (Cheers.) He little thought, when coming down to Wales, that he was to descend into the grave. (Laughter.) Possibly the majority of those present would scarcely know to what he alluded, but surely they had heard that the judges were obliged to descend into a pit dug for their special benefit. ("Shame.") Not quite that altogether, perhaps. Nevertheless, he had heard of the resurrection of the dead most heartily on this occasion. (Laughter.) But there was nothing that would lift the unholy place higher, in his estimation, than the reflection that he had heard during his residence there some of the finest singing that it had ever been the lot of any one on this terrestrial globe to listen to. (Loud cheers.) Not being a Welshman, it was impossible for him to convey in cold English any of the effects that the music he had heard during the past four days had had upon him. But if there had been one electrical moment more than another, it was when he had heard the audience sing. (Cheers.) And next to that he placed the singing of the choirs they had just been listening to. (Cheers.) Why was this not more widely known? It was generally said that the Germans possessed what he might call the copyright for male voice singing. He himself had never heard such singing abroad or anywhere else to come within a short distance of this. (Cheers.) He had said many flattering things to them during the past four days, and he had said one or two things which were not flattering. (Hear, hear.) He complimented them upon their beautiful voices and beautiful singing, but not the use they made of them; but with regard to the singing that afternoon, it was the one unique experience of his life to have heard it. (Loud cheers.) It was not that one or two of the choirs had done so much better than another, for really the four were of the finest description. But even in the very highest point that music could possibly reach there was a higher point still, and that was just the case with them that afternoon. Now, they had heard enough of him, and before he said another word—(Cries of "Go on," and cheers.) Well, yes, I see you want me to repeat myself. (Laughter.) He was going to do it, and was going to say that they did not make sufficient of these things. He would repeat that if they wished to take up the position they ought to take in the world of music, they ought to join the members of the finest choirs in one great national festival. (Cheers.) That should not interfere with the Eisteddfod in the slightest degree, but that should be the highest point of all. (Applause.) If they did that, their singing would be not what he was sorry to say it now was, a merely provincial affair. They in England knew nothing of all this. Welshmen did not let them know, but the time would come when they would know, and depend upon it he should do his utmost to make it known. (Loud cheers.) Now he had repeated the old piece of advice that he wanted to give them. Let them rise upon the stepping-stones of their higher selves, and let them have festivals. (Cheers.) He said nothing about that as a personal matter. The chances were that he would never meet them again in this world. (Cries of "Yes.") But he said, "No," and he thought he knew best. (Laughter.) He was, however, thankful to the Providence that brought him there this time, and if he never came again, he would feel that he had had the unique experience that had fallen to his lot during the last few days. (Cheers.) He was wondering

why so many came to that Eisteddfod to sing for small prizes. It was not so much the money as it was the charming ladies who put the prizes over their heads. (Laughter.) He bitterly regretted that he had not been in a position to receive a prize. He had already selected one or two whom he should prefer to invest him. (Renewed laughter.) But even there, again, he had no little difficulty in making a selection, for not only did they seem to have the finest voices but also the prettiest ladies in the world. (Laughter and cheers.) Now, to come to the choirs. There were five of them as adjudicators associated in this competition. They were all very much surprised at the singing of the first choir. It was not too much to say that it had sung magnificently. (Cheers.) But there was just a possibility—and he would like conductors to bear this in mind—that it was just a little bit overdone, and just a trifle tricky. Sir Arthur Sullivan had said that he scarcely cared to hear too much attention being given to the *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, and that he began to thirst for some perfectly straight ground. There was a danger in that. In the No. 2 choir there was much broader singing certainly, but, unfortunately, they went to pieces in their second piece. Then, No. 3. What was he to say of No. 3? He really did not know what to say of this choir except one thing, and then he would let loose the deluge. (Laughter.) The third choir had given the finest specimen of singing he had ever heard in his life. (Cheers.) Was it necessary to say that they unanimously gave the prize to the third choir (Treorky)? (Loud cheers.) With regard to No. 4, they had given a splendid rendering, and were quite worthy to rank with the others except the third.

Song, "Llan y Cariadau" (R. S. Hughes), by Mrs. John Thomas, was warmly encored, and she responded with "Peidiwch a dweyd with fy nghariad."

A competition conducted at the Athenaeum Hall, before Mr. W. T. Samuel (Swansea), and Mr. M. O. Jones (Treherbert), for the best answers to questions on the elements of music, for the first and second prizes, £3 3s. and £2 2s. respectively, given by the Eisteddfod Association, was entered upon by five persons. Mr. W. T. Samuel, in announcing the decision of himself and co-adjudicators, said the questions had been set by Mr. D. Emlyn Evans, and the competition had proved to be very good. The first prize was won by Mr. Wm. Merlyn Morgan, Dowlais, who obtained 56 out of 60 marks; and the second by "J. J. D." Treherbert; a special prize of a guinea being given to Master David De Lloyd, Carmarthen, a youth of thirteen years of age. Competition: Brass Band Contest. Open to all comers. Not over 24 performers. "Grand Selection" from Schubert (arranged by H. Round). First Prize, £40, and a B flat Cornet, silver-plated, engraved and suitably inscribed (given by the South Wales and Monmouthshire Brass Band Association, value, 15 guineas); 2nd Prize, £30; 3rd Prize, £20; 4th Prize, £10. Adjudicator:—J. O. Shepherd, Esq.

The following bands competed:—

1. Abertillery Temperance Band.
2. Blaenau Lancaster Town Band.
3. Fochriw Brass Band.
4. 1st G.V.A. Band (Morriston).
5. Llanelly Town Band.
6. Sguborwen Temperance Brass Band.

Mr. J. O. Shepherd in delivering his adjudication said he very often came to South Wales as judge of these competitions, and each time he came he found the playing improving. He did not mean to say that it was better that day than he had heard the last time he visited South Wales, two months ago, but the general level of the playing was better. The contest had been very close, and had given him a great deal of trouble. He would not go into detail as to the merits of the respective parts, but he made a great point of intonation, which went a long way with him in considering the matter. The first prize for a general, all-round performance was Morriston; 2nd, Blaenau; 3rd, Abertillery; 4th, Llanelly.

CYMMODORION SECTION.

The second meeting of the above society was held on Wednesday morning at the Athenaeum, when the following two interesting papers on musical subjects were read by two well-known Welsh musical authorities, viz:—

Mr. M. O. Jones, Treherbert; and Mr. W. T. Samuel, G. and L.T.S.C. (Swansea). Mr. D. Randell, M.P., presided.

CHORAL SINGING IN WALES.

Mr. M. O. Jones, of Treherbert, read a paper on this subject. Mr. Jones opened his remarks by referring to the proverbial love of music which characterised the Welsh people. In olden times this depended to a great extent upon the Eisteddfod. The progress of choral music in the Principality might be divided into three epochs. The first would extend over the first forty years of the present century, the next from 1840 to about 1855, and the third from 1855 to the present time. The pioneer of choral singing in South Wales was probably established at Merthyr Tydfil early in the forties. Then Mr. Rosser Beynon did as much as any contemporary conductor to raise the tone of choral singing as well as to spread the knowledge of music. After giving an interesting sketch of the development brought about by the Eisteddfod,

Mr. Jones proceeded: I am of opinion, however, that the credit which we owe to the Eisteddfod for any improvement that has taken place in choral singing is due chiefly to local Eisteddfodau. The National Eisteddfod has only built upon the foundation it has laid, and reaped the harvest which it has sown. For many years these competitions were carried on without any accompaniment, even at our national meetings. Conductors were afraid of it, and Committees were too weak-kneed to insist upon it for a long time. Public opinion, however, got too strong for both, and an accompaniment is now a *sine qua non* at every good Eisteddfod. In the year 1861 two musical monthlies made their appearance in Wales—*Greal y Corau* and the *Cyddor Cymreig*. The former only existed two years, but the latter was carried on for twelve years. It was edited by the late Ieuan Gwyllt, a man who, in my humble opinion, did more for the advancement of music in Wales than any other man to the present day. (Cheers.) Such an impetus was given by him to the cultivation of music in the Principality, that it left a lasting impression upon the country. Ieuan Gwyllt early recognised the value of the tonic sol-fa system of teaching singing, and in 1869 he issued *Cerddor y Sol-fa* from the Wrexham Press. In these two periodicals there appeared from time to time some of the most popular pieces from the works of the great masters, as well as a large number of pieces by native composers. Ieuan Gwyllt was a man of refined taste; he possessed a keen eye to recognise merit, and he invariably encouraged the deserving. In connection with the musical literature of Wales, I must not omit to mention *Chronid y Cerddor*, which appeared from 1879 to 1883, edited by Mr. D. Emlyn Evans; *Yr Ysgol Gerddol*, 1878–1880, edited by Alaw Ddu, and afterwards *Cerddor y Cymry* (1885–1894) by the same editor; and last, but by no means least, *Y Cerddor*, the music in which is being issued in the two notations, under the joint editorship of Messrs. D. Emlyn Evans and D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac. Without the tonic sol-fa notation, and without the aid which it has received from the musical publications which I have already noticed, the Eisteddfod itself would never have been able to accomplish what has been done. Of late years another powerful auxiliary which has already surpassed the Eisteddfod is the *Cymanfa Ganu*. It is far more general than the Eisteddfod has ever been. The *Cymanfa* choir includes all our singers from the crudest vocalist to the best trained amateur; whereas in many cases an Eisteddfod choir is selected from the best singers in a district. With the recent introduction of amateur bands, it promises to do what the Eisteddfod has failed in achieving, and to make the cultivation of instrumental music general throughout the Principality. One drawback in connection with the Eisteddfod is that it has called into existence a class of choirs and conductors who have advanced to, and will not proceed beyond, competition. To win at an Eisteddfod is the height of their ambition. The Eisteddfod should only be used as a stepping-stone to something higher. But the Eisteddfod itself has degenerated in many things. The practice which has of late years sprung up amongst South Wales Committees of consulting competing choirs as to the selection of pieces and adjudicators is an abominable one. The selection of the same test pieces is so general that I am afraid it has come to be looked upon as a virtue. I should like to refer also to the general omission of glee competitions, and the entire neglect of madrigal competitions at our Eisteddfodau. Twenty-five years ago they were far more common. In chorus singing—heavy chorus singing—Wales can hold her own against the world, but I am afraid I should not be far wrong in saying that, generally speaking, Welsh choirs cannot now sing glees, madrigals, and light pieces; and these pieces offer far greater advantages for voice training than heavier choruses. The introduction of orchestral accompaniment with the chief choral competition is a distinct step in advance, but so far it is only tentative, whereas it should be the rule. Why should our large choirs be expected to sing these big choruses with only a pianoforte accompaniment, when the authors never intended them to be so sung? And why deprive choirs and audiences of the beautiful tone colouring which these works receive from a full pro-

fessional band? It is to be hoped that the example set by Pontypridd and Llanelli will be followed at every National Eisteddfod in future. Time will not permit me to speak of the growth of male choirs, and the high state of training which they have attained, as was amply proved at Rosebery Hall Concert, Cardiff, on June the 29th. (Applause.)

WALES AND THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM.

Mr. W. T. Samuel, G. and L.T.S.C., of Swansea, then read a paper on "Wales and the Tonic Sol-fa System," and, quoting a speech made by Mr. J. Curwen at Exeter Hall some years ago, to the effect that no country was so forward in tonic sol-fa work as Wales was, he (the speaker) said he was prepared to prove that gallant little Wales still kept to the front, and no other country could compare with it, taking into consideration its size, in doing good and useful work for the system and for music generally. Tracing the commencement of the system, so far as Wales was concerned, he said that to Mr. Eleazar Roberts, J.P., of Liverpool, was due the credit of having commenced tonic sol-fa classes in most of the Welsh chapels in Liverpool, and of introducing the system into the Welsh press. Then the late Ieuan Gwyllt, by means of the *Cerddor Cymreig*, took the matter up, and so the two names which stood out prominently as pioneers of the system in Wales were the two gentlemen he had named. The late Mr. Brinley Richards, who did so much for the Eisteddfod, when he was one of the deputation which some years ago had an interview with Lord Spencer in connection with putting sol-fa on an equality with the staff notation in elementary schools, stated that before the introduction of the system into the Principality the state of choral singing in Wales was deplorably low, and the advent of the tonic sol-fa system had vastly improved it. (Cheers.) Mr. Samuel explained that the fundamental principles of the tonic sol-fa method were "key relationship," "pictorial treatment of tune," "teaching by pattern," and "mental effect." To illustrate this method, the speaker introduced to the audience three young sol-faists, viz., Miss Gwladys May Samuel, seven years old, who followed on the modulator, and sang to "la"; Master D. Lloyd, who played to illustrate the value of sol-fa to instrumentalists; and Miss Hannah Jones, Landore, who wrote in old notation a double chant sung to "la," showing how a tonic sol-faist, well grounded in the system, could master the staff notation, and how the ear was trained from the commencement. The exercise of these three young musicians then became a kind of a musical spelling-bee, the pupils reciting their ear exercises alternately. Prominent Welsh musicians, continued Mr. Samuel, took an active part in the promotion of the system, and tonic sol-faists could muster among their ranks Mr. Ben Davies, who was introduced to the musical world by means of the tonic sol-fa, and who was an excellent reader of the system; Mr. David Jenkins, Mus. Bac., who was the first to pass the A.C. in Wales; Mr. J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., Mr. Tom Price, Mr. Dan Davies, Mr. John Price, Mr. M. O. Jones, Mr. D. W. Lewis, Isalaw, R. D. Hughes (Bangor), R. Lloyd Jones (Llwydmor), Lewis J. Roberts, B.A., Inspector of schools, Mr. W. J. Williams (Carnarvon), and others. It had been ascertained that Welsh musical publishers sold by far a larger number of tonic sol-fa than of old notation copies. Taking three instances, Messrs. Hughes & Sons, of Wrexham, sold 100 copies in sol-fa for every one in old notation; Mr. B. Parry, of Swansea, had sold over 100,000 copies of "Odlau'r Efengyl," in sol-fa; whilst the Baptist Tune-book, "Llawlyfr Moliant," 93,900 copies had been sold in sol-fa and 19,403 in old notation. Of the choir conductors that took part in that Eisteddfod at Llanelli, one wrote that nearly all of his choir read from the sol-fa; another said that 140 of his members read from sol-fa and 30 from old notation; a third testified that 102 read from sol-fa and 18 from old notation.

A like state of things prevailed among the male voice parties that had entered for competition. As eisteddfodwyr, they did not recognise one system more than the other; they welcomed any system which would diffuse knowledge of the divine art. Wales was certainly advancing in musical matters, and there was a growing desire on the part of the

musical fraternity to do something irrespective of any notation to raise the standard of music in their beloved land, and to give a helping hand to those Welshmen who showed abilities in instrumental and vocal music. The late Mr. Curwen predicted that if the system got into the right hands in Wales it would certainly prosper. He (the speaker) believed it had gone into the right hands, because the young men and young maidens who took an interest in the system were those who took the lead in their different chapels and churches; and as tonic sol-fa was born of psalmody, it was pleasing to notice that the different churches in our land were availing themselves of the help which the tonic sol-fa could give them. Wales was a religious country, and his (the speaker's) impression was, that when they had a musical composer who would be recognised all over the world, the composition by which he would achieve such distinction would certainly be a sacred one. (Applause.) He felt thankful to God for His gift to the Christian Church of such a man as John Curwen, whose beautiful life should inspire them to follow on steadily in the course which he so nobly pointed out, and thus contribute to the musical culture of their native land. (Loud applause.)

Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, President of the Tonic Sol-fa College, in moving a vote of thanks to the readers of the papers, and the children who had rendered assistance in affording the convincing illustrations of the advantages of the tonic sol-fa system, expressed his pleasure at being afforded an opportunity of acknowledging the very great help received from the Welsh element on the tonic sol-fa system. Upon that committee at the present time were five or six Welsh representatives, who braved the discomforts of a journey to London twice a year in order to give their assistance. (Hear, hear.) For some past years he (the speaker) had made it his business to interest himself in musical matters in different European countries, but he enjoyed nothing more than the National Eisteddfod, and he had come down on this occasion purely for the pleasure of the thing. (Cheers.) Of course the Eisteddfod had its shortcomings and faults, but it was, he thought, the motto of Welshmen ever to go upward and onward. (Cheers.) It was very remarkable that within the last few weeks he had received conclusive evidence of the way in which the eisteddfodic idea was spreading among the Celtic race. He had had a call from a lady in Dublin, who was organizing a representative Irish Eisteddfod at that place; and during the previous week he had been interviewed by a gentleman from Scotland, who told him that they already had something of the sort among the Highlanders, which was in its fourth year. It was very pleasant to find among what they had been recently taught to call "the Celtic fringe"—(A voice: "We are proud of the name, sir.")—the interest in the Eisteddfod was improving. Let them not discourage popular music in Wales. He had been reading what Professor Herkomer had said the previous day. That gentleman had used the sword, but he should not forget to use the trowel also. (Hear, hear.) Let him call the state of art in Wales bad, if he liked; but he should also show the people how it could be improved. Take a case in point. If a man was only playing a concertina, there might yet in that man be found the germ of musical love, and he should be led to something better. (Cheers.)

The Chairman seconded the vote of thanks, and deeply regretted that the papers could not have been heard by a larger audience.

This was unanimously agreed to, and a similar vote to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

Harrogate Notes.

OVERS of Harrogate will be glad to know that musical life is looking up here, as it ought to in a Yorkshire town. We have now two Choral societies, both doing good work. Mr. Hayward, the new manager at the Spa Concert Rooms, is particularly enterprising, and is providing so many entertainments for this season

that it is quite impossible to mention all, but there are a few which I cannot pass by. The Concert Room has been thoroughly over-hauled, and the gardens have been made a thing of beauty. Not the least of the attractions are the charming Venetian Fêtes held there, when the grounds suggest a scene in Fairyland. A Battle of Flowers also took place on July 27, and was a great success.

The St. Cecilia Musical Society performed Smitten's *King Arthur* at the end of their last season, and it was so much appreciated that Mr. Hayward persuaded the Society to repeat this concert at the Spa on July 23. Unfortunately, that was the date fixed for our election; still an enthusiastic audience was present, and I must congratulate Mr. Lord, the conductor, on the excellence of his chorus. The soloists, Miss Kate Drew, Mr. Tom Child, and Mr. Charles Knowles, did their parts very creditably, but the choruses were undeniably the most attractive feature of the work. "Lightly we glide," the chorus of lake spirits, went especially well, and the leads were taken up throughout with admirable precision. The orchestra could have done with more practice.

On the 1st ult., at the Spa, M. Auguste van Biene gave a 'cello recital, which was very much appreciated; among the programme were some of his own compositions, and the ever-popular *Cavalleria Rusticana* Intermezzo. M. Auguste played very sympathetically indeed. I was divided in my admiration of his playing and of his expressive features, on which such evident pathos was displayed.

The Town Band, under Mr. Sidney Jones, is in exceptionally good form this season, and the Spa Band maintains a very close rivalry with it.

M. C.

Music at Worthing.

THE six musicians from Leicester who did such good work at Worthing last summer have again made the Pavilion at the end of the pier the pleasantest place of daily resort to all musical visitors. The same faces were to be seen morning after morning listening to the large and varied selection of music provided for them—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Haydn, Corelli, Weber, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Bizet, Gounod, Rossini, Brahms, Dvorak, Gade, Nicolai, Mascagni, Goltermann, Horsley, De Beriot, Popper, and many others, were the names that graced the programmes. Selections from operas, trios and quartets for strings from the masters; solos from eloquent 'cello and popular flute, and more rarely from the violin, were given: these three were almost always encored, but all worked well. The piano was a fine Brinsmead, and formed an important item in the entertainment. The evening concerts were often enriched by the singing of Miss Ethel Home, from the Guildhall School of Music. This young singer gives great promise, having a powerful and well-trained soprano voice, good taste, and such a choice of music as "Hear ye, Israel," "O Divine Redeemer," "Orpheus with his Lute," "Robert, toi que j'aime," "Lovely Spring," "The Promise of Life," etc. She has studied for three years under Madame Helen Armstrong, and has begun her musical career in the Rousbey Grand Opera Company's tours and those of Mr. W. Greet's "La Cigale" Company. I have heard singers on London platforms very inferior to Miss Home in the honest, unaffected rendering of real music, and I wish her all success in her career. The young pianist, Mr. Leonard Burrows, is also highly to be commended, as far beyond the average of local pianoforte players. The playing of Mr. J. W. Mansfield, the 'cellist of the little company, is now meeting with the recognition it deserves, and I hope at no very distant date to hear him in higher musical places than the Pavilion at Worthing.

THE late Franz von Suppé was an enormous man who concealed some twenty litres of beer per day. He was rich for a composer, and had a charming country villa near Vienna. His son is in no sense a musician, being occupied with agricultural pursuits.

The Organ World.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

WE Britishers are generally reputed, amongst ourselves, to be very excellent moral beings—a mass of nobility in fact—hide bound though we be, in a pachydermatous casing of conventionality. The intelligent foreigner, however, seldom gets beneath the surface, to discover the fine morality which our native modesty hides away after this manner. He sees not our moral worth, he only sees the conventions we wrap it up in. And what funny things some of our moral conventions are! We always do to our neighbour as we would be done by—except that one is at liberty to chisel one's dearest friend in a horse transaction, and be called a smart person in consequence. We all hate a lie, as a certain gentleman, not named in polite society, is supposed to hate holy water, but in the matter of "Bulls" and "Bears" your moral British citizen is to be commended as a "shrewd business man" if he goes one better than Ananias. We like to hear a spade called a spade, provided of course that it is our neighbour's spade which is under discussion. In the exercise of my rights as a British citizen, therefore, I am going for once to call a spade (my neighbour's, of course) by its proper name.

Some of my readers may perchance have heard of such a thing as the law of copyright. I am not here concerned with its application except with regard to music, and particularly church music. Now "copyright" is defined by the law as "the sole and exclusive liberty of printing, or otherwise multiplying copies of any subject to which the said word is applied." That is surely plain enough English and sufficiently obvious to the dullest comprehension. It means, of course, that the person who makes a manuscript copy of any copyright song, hymn, chant or anthem, etc., is guilty of a breach of the law of the land (in other words, of *theft*), and can be punished accordingly. The fact that detection is difficult (and well-nigh impossible in most cases) is surely no excuse for the act.

A piece of church music is first of all the product of the composer's brains. Now most of our clergy would, I ween, be very pained and shocked if they heard of their boy at school being detected in cribbing a neighbour's exercise (*i.e.* applying to his own use the product of his neighbour's brains), yet they will sit down with the utmost complacency and copy for their choir the latest copyright hymn or chant which has taken their fancy.

Secondly, the production of a piece of music involves considerable expenditure on the part of the composer or publisher, and it is to the public that he looks for a return of the sum thus expended in providing them with an article which they want. (The fact of their making MS. copies implies that the thing is wanted.)

Most of us must at some time or other have heard the remark "We must have that lovely tune of Dr. B—'s in our church. We can't afford to buy copies for everybody, but can easily get one copy and write out enough for the rest of the choir." Now I put it to you, my good clerical friends, have you ever considered what is the position implied by these words? You want a piece of music which is some one else's property; you can't afford to pay for it, and so—you take it and use it without payment (and without even the intention of ultimate payment) all the same!

A man who uses a hansom without the means of paying for it, we usually term a "bilk." A man who uses a grocer's tea or a tailor's clothes without the intention of paying for the use of the same, we term a swindler, or some equally polite title. And so, likewise, a person who wants (say) two dozen twopenny copies of another man's music, and only pays for one, is (to give things their right names) a thief to the extent of exactly three shillings and eightpence. But I hear some one say, "Are the poor clergy the only offenders? Why do you single them out specially?"

For two reasons, my good friend. First, because in a column devoted to church and organ matters, I am not concerned with the offences of those who pilfer unecclesiastical music. Secondly, because it is among church choirs that I have always found the most reckless disregard of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* in this respect.

Pursuit of the hobby of "brass rubbing" has taken me into some hundreds of parish churches. Whenever I visit one I invariably ask permission to inspect the organ and other musical arrangements. It was in this way that I first became aware of the appalling extent to which manuscript duplication of copyright music is carried on. In almost every village church I found MS. books (compiled usually by the Vicar's wife), containing all sorts of "copyrights," especially Kyries.

I often wondered whether these excellent ladies ever realized the irony of the situation, when on Sundays their worthy spouse said, "Thou shalt not steal," and, "Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law," was chanted by the choir from the *stolen* copies. No; that is where our good British conventional morality comes in. "I never heard of a prosecution for MS. copying, and every one does it" says our good "tune collecting" parson and his wife, and so because "every one does it" they also join the crowd of pirates whose musical thieving is now becoming a crying scandal. In other words, my good pastors and masters, a theft undetected is a theft condoned. That being so, may I suggest that when next you read the Decalogue to your flock, you make it clear that for the eighth commandment you have substituted "Thou shalt not be caught stealing." You often tell us the little story of the mote and the beam; here is an opportunity for putting into practice the lesson you so frequently draw from it. I have called attention to your "beam." Are you going to cast it out?

Messrs. Bindley and Foster have recently erected the following instrument at St. Mary's Wesleyan chapel, Truro, the "opening" recitals being given by Mr. H. Lewis, Mus. Bac., and Dr. Turpin:—

GREAT.	Ft.	SWELL.	Ft.
Double open Diapason	16	Lieblisch Bourdon	16
Open Diapason (Large)	8	Open Diapason	8
Open Diapason (Small)	8	§ Rohr Gedacht	8
Claribel Flute	8	Salicional	8
* Harmonic Flute	4	Voix Céleste	8
Principal	4	Gemshorn	4
Twelfth	2½	Flautina	2
Piccolo	2	* Mixture 3 ranks	
Trumpet	8	* Contra Fagotto	16
		Cornopean	8
CHOIR.		Oboe	8
* Viole de Gambe	8		
Lieblisch Diapason	8	PEDAL.	Ft.
Dulciana	8	Open Diapason	16
Lieblisch Flute	8	§ Bourdon	16
Clarinet	4	Bass Flute	8
* Orchestral Oboe	8	* Violoncello	8
		Trombone	16

COUPLERS, ETC.

Swell to Great.	Choir to Pedal.
Swell to Pedal.	Swell Super Octave.
Great to Pedal.	* Tremulant.
Swell to Choir.	
Three Composition Pedals to Great and Pedal Organ.	
Three Composition Pedals to Swell Organ.	
One Reversing Pedal for "Great to Pedal" Coupler.	
Compass of Manuals, CC to C, 61 notes.	
Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.	
Stops marked * are prepared for only.	
Stops marked § are designed on the "Metechotic" system.	

The "Celestial Organ" in Westminster Abbey is now complete, and was inaugurated at the end of July, by Dr. Bridge. The action is electro-pneumatic, and is in every way satisfactory. The organ is enclosed in a small box, and is placed in the triforium of the South Transept at the extreme end, above the tomb of Handel, and is not visible from below. It is in two sections, part being worked from a fifth manual and part from the "Solo" keyboard of the console. By means of various couplers, all the stops can be played from either manual as desired. It is connected with the rest of the organ by a cable 200 feet in length.

But oh! and likewise alas! what do we want with a *Glockenspiel* and 36 *Resonating gongs* in our classic Abbey? Shade of Henry Purcell! I thought such gimcrackeries were reserved for Leeds Town Hall and St. Michael's, Folkstone.

Specification:—

The Compass is CC to A.

(Light Wind Soundboard, Fifth Clavier.)

51. Double Dulciana, Bass, 16ft.; Double Dulciana, Treble, 16ft.; Flauto Traverso, 8ft.; Viola di Gamba, 8ft.; Voix Céleste, 8ft.; Hohl Flute, 8 ft.; 57. Dulciana Cornet, 6 ranks.

The following stops are available, when desired, on the solo keyboard, thus furnishing an independent instrument of two manuals; while in combination with coupler-keys Nos. 89 and 90, couplers 91 and 92 can be interchanged, thus reversing the clavier:—

58. Cor de Nuit, 8 ft.; Suabe Flute, 4 ft.; Flageolet, 2 ft.

On Heavier Wind.

Harmonic Trumpet, 8 ft.; Musette, 8 ft.; Harmonic Oboe, 8 ft.; Vox Humana, 8 ft.; Spare Slide; Glockenspiel, 3 ranks; 36 Gongs (3 octaves of brass gongs, struck by electro-pneumatic hammers).

COUPLER KEYS.

Celestial to 5th Manual; Celestial to 4th Manual; Nos. 51 to 57 on 5th Manual; Nos. 58 to 67 on 4th Manual; Celestial Octave; Celestial Sub Octave; Celestial to Solo, Octave; Celestial to Solo, Sub Octave; Celestial to Pedal; Tremulant; Wind.

Ten Pneumatic Combination Pedals, affecting Great, Swell and Pedal Stops. Seven Combination Pistons to Solo and Choir. Three Combination Pistons to Celestial. Three Crescendo Pedals.

Mr. J. J. Binns, of Bramley Organ works, has built a fine chamber organ with 28 speaking stops, for Mr. J. H. Ingleby, of Tadcaster. There is plenty of variety of tone, and it contains a number of convenient "dodges" for previously arranging combinations after the manner of Mr. Casson. The patent pistons and combination pedals are controlled by electricity, and work smoothly and easily.

Specification:—

GREAT.	Ft.	SWELL.	Ft.
Open Diapason	8	Vox Humana	8
Claribel Flute	8	Oboe	8
Echo Dulciana	8	CHOIR.	
Flute Harmonique	4	Lieblisch Gedacht	8
Flautina	2	Æoline	8
Trumpet	8	Unda Maris (Tenor C)	8
The Trumpet is in a separate Swell Box.		Orchestral Flute	4
		Orchestral Piccolo	2
		Orchestral Oboe	8
		Orchestral Clarinet	8
		In a separate Swell Box.	
SWELL.		PEDAL.	
Lieblisch Bourdon	16	Violine	16
Geigen Principal	8	Sub Bass	16
Rohr Flute	8	Double Bass (very soft)	16
Viol d'Orchestre	8	Quint §	10
Voix Céleste (Tenor C)	8	Violoncello	8
Flauto Dolce	4	Bass Flute	8
Echo Dulciana Mixture, 3 Ranks			

COUPLERS, etc.

Swell to Great.	Choir to Pedals.
Swell to Choir.	Choir Super-Octave.
Choir to Great.	Swell Tremulant.
Great to Pedals.	Choir Tremulant.
Swell to Pedals.	Great Tremulant.

ACCESSORIES.

- Patent Electric Combination Pistons to Great Organ, acting symmetrically on Pedal Organ.
 3 Patent Electric Combination Pistons to Swell Organ.
 3 Patent Electric Combination Pistons to Choir Organ.
 3 Patent Automatic interchangeable Combination Pedals to Great and Pedal Organ.
 3 Patent Automatic interchangeable Combination Pedals to Swell Organ.
 Compass of Manuals CC to C, 61 notes.
 Compass of Pedals CCC to F, 30 notes.

After something like three months' delay a deputy organist has been appointed that abode of Philistinism—to wit, Leeds Town Hall; and report hath it that good Dr. Spark is somewhat sore thereat. He offered, I believe, to accept an addition of £50 to his income, and do the deputy work himself, but the Corporation somehow did not see it, and appointed, after competition, Mr. W. E. Belcher. Mr. Belcher, I understand, began his career as a choral scholar at King's, Cambridge, and after taking his B.A. degree, devoted himself to music with an earnestness which is most praiseworthy. Let us hope he will not descend to the circus and tight-rope programmes, which have hitherto been the glory and pride of the aforesaid municipal pile.

Ring the Bells. For has not the venerable organist of Canterbury Cathedral just celebrated his golden wedding? Dr. Longhurst has been connected with Canterbury since 1828; first as chorister, then as lay clerk, and finally as organist.

Bach's Bones. Poor old Bach! I don't seem to see him figuring overmuch in recital programmes just now; we seemed more concerned about that picture of his than about his music. The "picture" boom has subsided somewhat, and we are now in the midst of a boom in bones. Mr. Joseph Bennett has had a "private letter from Leipsic," telling him that the bones of Bach have "been discovered and measured!" and a crowd of "Bach students" (?) are now busy cackling in chorus on the subject. What need to worry about the "Forty-eight" or the B minor mass, when you can prove yourself a "Bach student" by the simpler process of babbling about bones and pictures?

Organists once more "at dinner." In the month of July I wrote a little par. about the Guild of Organists' dinner. It was crowded out, so last month I made a few remarks to that effect, and wrote a new "par." I suppose I must have adopted a querulous tone, for the printer has, I see, put my second paragraph and the crowded-out one side by side. This is generosity with a vengeance, but I am afraid my readers must have thought it a trifle superfluous.

What an Archbishop thinks. The Archbishop of York has been making a speech on "Church Music," and in it he suggests (very reasonably) that the clergy should have the selection of the hymns. He further says, however, that "where the clergyman is musical, he should have the selection of the tunes also." Alas, your Grace! 'tis few of the clergy who are musicians like yourself. If they were, most willingly would we resign the selection of tunes into their hands. But the bother of it all is that there are few who don't think themselves musical, though their taste in tunes is often of the weirdest. Better leave the cobbler to stick to his last. A musician is more likely to be correct in such matters than an amateur, even though the latter be a clergyman.

TUBAL (Junior).

I UNDERSTAND that the works to be performed during the coming season by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall are *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Judas Macabean*, *Redemption*, *St. Paul*, *Berlioz's Faust*, and probably also Dr. Hubert Parry's *Invocation to Music*.

The Academies.

—:—

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE annual presentation of diplomas and medals to students who passed successfully through the examinations in July, took place on Thursday evening, July 25. The prizes were distributed by Miss Marguerite Macintyre, an old student of the Academy. The presentation was preceded by one of the most successful students' concerts that I have ever heard, even at the London Academy itself. The orchestra, with its able conductor, Mr. A. Pollitzer, seemed ready to attempt anything. They played Bach's Fugue in A minor, and a prelude by Massenet, *Le dernier sommeil de la Vierge*, both for strings only, the latter *con sordino* throughout, in a manner difficult to describe, the applause at the conclusion of the piece being sufficient to show how the efforts of both orchestra and conductor were appreciated. Miss Alice Sinclair, and Miss Edith Serpellsang Mozart's vocal duet, "Sull' Aria," the former also singing, later on in the evening, "Essex Mesto," from Flotow's *Martha*, and the latter, "Rose softly blooming" (Spohr). A specially good rendering was given of Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* for the piano by Miss Maude Smithers, a very young student. "Oh! Fatima" (Abu Hassan), Weber, was exceedingly well sung by Miss Ethel Sinclair, and some splendid violin solos were given by Miss Fanny Darling-Jacobs, and Miss Ethel Beestelstone. Chopin's Polonaise in A flat for piano was given by Miss Florence Henderson, and Mr. Gilbert Denis gave a beautiful rendering of a flower song from *Carmen*, by Bizet. A part song by Elgar brought the programme to a close.

The examination for non-students also took place in July. The following is a list of successful candidates:—

VOCALISTS.—Bronze Medals.—Miss Alice Isabel Blake, Blanche Calder, Bertha Mary Davis, Fanny M. De Levanté, Chrissy Edwards, Florence Fawcett, Lucy M. Fenning, Mabel Hastings, Lily Heale, Fanny Heath, Alice Leah Palmer, Florence Mary Mars, Winifred Marwood, E. Mabel Mayne, Ethel C. Reading, Alice Mary Robinson, Maude V. Rolfe, Lillie Scott, Mary Louisa Short, May Hartree Tindall, Annie S. Turner, Violet Vallance, Clara J. Vines, Alice Wingrove, Emily Florence Wright, Mrs. Edith Musgrove, Mr. Stocks Hammond, Charles Harmer, and Walter G. Woodcock. **Silver Medals.**—Miss Esther Rose Binks, Amy Bonnett, Janie Bridges, Etta Courtney, Adela M. Goyder, Carrie C. Greir, Flora L. Halford, Annie M. Harrison, Elsa Odell, Caroline Phipps, Annie S. Richmond, May Shephard, Margaret Smorthwaite, Isabel M. Vidal. **Gold Medals.**—Mrs Kate Hull and Miss Flora Margherita Morelli.

PIANISTS.—Bronze Medals.—Miss Ethal Augusta Biggs, Eliza Jessie Bonallack, Grace Brabrook, Maud H. Burrell, Florence Byrne, Muriel Deniston, E. Maude Dixon, Florence Maybank Evans, Katharine M. Harrison, Nellie Harrison, Ethel Holt, Eva Hassell Homagee, Lilian Florence St. Clair Hutton, Maude A. Laatham, Adeline Estel Lewis, Lucy A. Mathias, E. Mabel Mayne, Gertrude Rayment, Maud Beatrice Reed, Christine Frances Trail Robertson, Florence Marian Sackett, Selina Shield, Lilian Gertrude Smith, Adeline E. Snell, Florence L. Stevens, Maud Summers, Edith Mary Turrall, Grace Uwins, Mabel Vaughan, Florence Margaret Wilkinson, Ethel Williams, Winifred Williams, and Ethel May Woodgate. **Silver Medals.**—Miss Gertrude Baker, Edith M. Bennett, Mabel Sophia Brandon, Annie Beatrice Cartland, Mary St. A. Coldwell, Clara A. S. Elmslie, Daisy Hawes, Ellen Higgs, Gertrude Howard, Madeline Jacobi, Florence Edith Matcham, Margaret Millar, Beatrice Kate Poirin, Margaret M. Pretty, Mary E. Sheldon-Smith, Nellie Maude Twyman, Augusta Mary Walker, Edith Walton, Daisy Watts, Jessie Williams, Amy Woods, and Mr. Leonard Cheverton. **Gold Medals.**—Miss Edith Ward Coombe, and Mrs. Eleanor Sophia Halkett.

VIOLINISTS.—Bronze Medals.—Miss Hylda Janet Bruce Payne, Edith Garnham, Ethel Goldie, Edith L. John, Mabel Taman, Daisy Thring, and Mr. William T. Ward. **Silver Medals.**—Miss Gertrude Baker, Elaine Griffin, Emily Mann, and Evelyn Tyser.

HARPIST.—Gold Medal.—Miss Claire Sperati.

HARMONISTS.—Bronze Medals.—Mr. Frederick A. Dunsdon, James Henry Parnum, Miss Daisy Smith, and Edith Mary Turrall.

SIDNEY R. COLE, secretary.

The diplomas and medals will be publicly presented to the successful candidates in St. George's Hall, on Friday, November 8, at 3 p.m.

The next examination of non-students, will take place in January, 1896.

At the London Academy of Music the entrance day for new students for the ensuing term is Tuesday, September 24, from 11 to 2. The term commences on Friday, September 27.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The examination for Certificate of Proficiency will take place at the College, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, as under:—

April 20, Pianoforte Solo Performance, and Paper Work, Pianoforte Teaching, Paper Work only.

April 21, Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*.

April 22, and 23, Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*.

April 24, Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*, Teaching Singing, Paper Work only, Public Singing, and Paper Work, Organ and Paper Work, Strings and Paper Work, Wind and Paper Work.

April 25, Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*, Teaching Singing, *viva voce*.

The holder of a Certificate of Proficiency bears the title of *Associate of Royal College of Music*, and is entitled to place the letters A.R.C.M. after his or her name.

Intending Candidates must apply in writing on the official forms furnished by the College, to be returned not later than March 9.

The examiners will be:—

Oscar Beringer,
William H. Cummings,
E. Dannreuther,
Eaton Fanning,
Willy Hess,
Josef Ludwig,
Dr. George C. Martin,
Dr. J. F. Bridge,
E. Fernandez Arbós,
Richard Gombertz,
Sir Walter Parratt, Mus. Doc.,
Ernst Pauer,
Dr. C. V. Stanford,
Franklin Taylor,
Albert Visetti.

The entrance examination for the Christmas term will take place on Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 11 o'clock. The term commences on Thursday, the 26th.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

St. James's Hall was crowded to excess on July 23, when the students of the above Academy gave one of their well-known orchestral concerts. Sir A. C. Mackenzie conducted. The concert comprised a concerto in C minor, op. 185, for piano (*Kaff*) by Miss Isabel Coates; Haydn's "In Native Worth" from the *Creation*, sung by Mr. Charles Lodge; Goldmark's *Allegro Moderato*, Concerto in A minor, op. 28, violin, by Miss Nettie Atkinson; Miss Lydia Care sang Saint Saëns' "Ah! reply to my Entreaties"; Miss Ida C. Betts gave an exceptionally good rendering of Saint Saëns' Concerto in C minor, Op. 22, for piano; "O Tu, Palermo" (*Verdi*), sung by Mr. David Jones; a flute solo by Mr. Michael Donnanwell; and "Che Fate Qui," from Gounod's *Faust*, by Messrs. Wright, Beaumont, Maengwyn, Davies, and Murdo Munro. But the best item of the programme was the setting to music Psalm cxxxvii., for choir and orchestra, by Charles Macpherson, a student of the Academy. This is not his first work that has been played in public, he having written several other compositions, which have been chiefly Scotch, and been performed at the Crystal Palace and previous Academy concerts. The piece is well written, with plenty of originality, and very cleverly scored.



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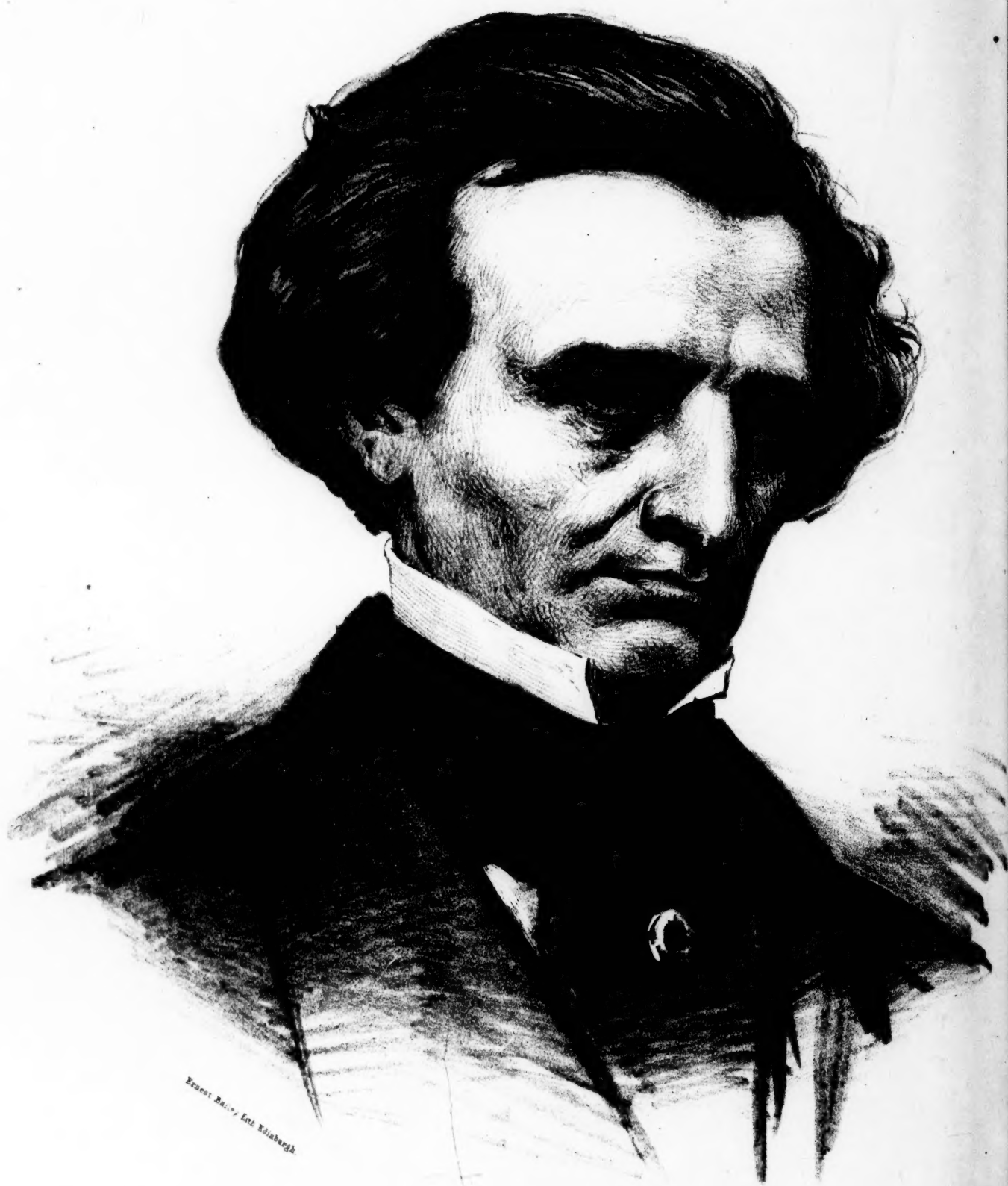
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HECTOR BERLIOZ

(After a painting by G. Courbet).

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| 3. Song "Greeting" | Mendelssohn |
| 4. Song "To the absent one" | Mendelssohn |
| 5. Song "The Favourite Spot" | Mendelssohn |
| 6. Rhenish Popular Song | Mendelssohn |
| 7. Children's Song "O bird that used to press" | R. R. Terry |
| 8. "Of Strange Countries and People"
(Violin and Piano) | Schumann |
| 9. "Catch me if you can"
(Violin and Piano) | Schumann |
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(Violin and Piano) | Schumann |
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With Letterpress and Portrait Part
SIXPENCE NETT.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

№ 18.

DUETTO.

(The two voice parts must be made very prominent.)

F. MENDELSSOHN

PIANO.

Andante con moto.

p

p *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

cantabile *mf*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' The piano part starts with a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a single eighth note in the left hand. The voice part enters with a single note. The score continues with various rhythmic patterns, including triplets and cantabile passages. The piano part is marked with 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The voice part is marked with 'p' (piano) and 'cantabile'.



cresc.
mf

p *cresc.* *mf* *sf*

p

sf *mf*

cresc.

molto cresc. *sf*

ff

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the intricate melodic pattern. The bass staff has a few rests followed by a short melodic phrase. Dynamic markings *f* (forte) are present in both staves.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a long, flowing melodic line with a *dimin.* (diminuendo) marking. The bass staff has a few notes and rests. A *p* (piano) marking is visible in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The bass staff consists of a series of chords and rests. Dynamic markings *f* and *p* are present.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a *dim.* marking. The bass staff has a series of chords and rests. Dynamic markings *p* and *f* are present.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The bass staff has a series of chords and rests.

Seventh system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a *pp* marking. The bass staff has a series of chords and rests.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

№ 22.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Adagio. *cantabile*

PIANO. *p* *mf*

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

f sf con forza *sf* *sf* *dim.* *f sf* *dim.*

sf dimin. *sf* *p* *cresc.* *f*

p *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *dim.*

cresc. *pp* *f con forza* *dimin.* *pp* *tranquillo*

38504

GREETING. GRUSS.

Words by
HEINE.

Music by
F. MENDELSSOHN.

SONG.
(GESANG.)

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Soft - ly dis - tant
1. Lei - se zieht durch

chime of bell on the breeze is ring - ing, hie thee forth, my song, and tell
mein Ge-müth lieb - li - ches Ge - läu - te; klin - ge, klei - nes Frühlings - lied,

that of Spring thou'rt sing - - - ing.
kling' hin - aus ins Wei - - - te.

2. Seek the cot-tage fair and bright, vio - lets hi - ding near it; is an op - ning
2. Zieh' hin - aus bis an das Haus, wo die Veil - chen sprie - ssen, wenn du ei - ne

rose in sight, ten - der greet - ing bear - it.
Ro - se schaut, sag' ich lass' sie grü - ssen.

TO THE ABSENT ONE.

Words by
LENAU.

AN DIE ENTFERNTEN.

Music by
F. MENDELSSOHN.

Andante leggiero.

SONG.
(GESANG.)

PIANO.

1. When a rose I ga-ther here, none to heed or wear it, 'tis to thee, oh mai-den dear.
1. Die - se Ro - se pflück' ich hier in der wei-ten Fer - ne, lie - bes Mäd - chen, dir, ach dir

I would fond-ly bear it.
brächt' ich sie so ger - ne!

2. But ere I to thee could fly with my ro-sy
2. Doch bis ich zu dir mag'siehn wie - le wei-te

greet-ing, all its fragrant blush would die, ro - ses are so fleet - ing!
Mei - len, ist die Ro - se längst da - hin, denn die Ro - sen ei - len.

3. Ne-ver fur-ther thro' the land love from love should tar - ry than un-fa-ding in my hand I the rose can
3. Nie soll wei-ter sich in's Land Lieb' von Lie - be wa - gen, als sich blü-hend in der Hand lässt die Ro - se

car - ry; lon - ger than the night-ingale flies, her nest sup - ply - ing, lon - ger than her
tra - gen; o - der als die Nach - ti-gall Hal - me bringt zum Ne - ste, o - der als ihr

ten - der wail on the breeze is dy - ing!
sä - sser Schall wan-dert mit dem We - ste

THE FAVOURITE SPOT.

LIEBLINGSPLÄTZCHEN.

Music by
F. MENDELSSOHN.

SONG.
(GESANG.)

Andante.

1. Know ye where I love to be when the dews are fall - ing? In the vale where
1. Wisst ihr, wo ich ger - ne weil' in der A - bend - kühl - le? In dem stil - len

PIANO.

p

soft I hear Millwheels to me call - ing. There a ti - ny brooklet flows sha - dy trees sur -
Tha - le geht ei - ne klei - ne Müh - le, und ein kleiner Bach da - bei, rings um - her, stehn

cresc.

p

dim. rallent. a tempo

round it, there I sit and dream of joy, dream that I have found it.
Bäu - me. Oft sitz'ich da stum - denlang, schau' um - her und träu - me.

> rallent. p a tempo

dim. pp espress.

2. 'Mongst the flow'rets blooming there once I heard a sigh - ing; said the blue For - get - me - not:
2. Auch die Blümlein in dem Grün an zu sprechen fan - gen, und das blau - e Blüm - lein sagt:

cresc. dim. rall.

"see, how I am dy-ing! From a thor-ny cru-el kiss Rose has left me a- ching,
sieh' mein Köpfchen han-gen! Rös-lein mit dem Dornenkuss hat mich so ge- sto- chen:

p *rall.*

a tempo

ah, since then I'm full of woe, sure my heart is break- ing."
ach! das macht mich gar be-trübt, hat mein Herz ge- bro- chen.

pa tempo dim. pp espress.

3. Then drew near a Spin-ner white, said: "Ah, be con- ten- ted; har- der were thy lot, if thou
 3. *Da naht sich ein Spinnlein weiss, spricht: sei doch zu- frie-den; ein- mal musst du doch vergehn,*

p

cresc. dim. rall.

ne'er hadst love la- men- ted. Better that thy heart should break from the Ro- se's kis- ses,
so ist es hie- nie-den; besser, dass das Herz dir bricht von dem Kuss der Ro- se,

p *rall.*

a tempo

sad is she who dies unlov'd, and love ne- ver mis- ses."
als du kennst die Lie- be nicht, und stirbst lie- be- lo- se.

pa tempo dim. pp espress.

RHENISH POPULAR SONG.

Words by
ZUCCALMAGLIO.

O JUGEND, O SCHÖNE ROSENZEIT.

Music by
F. MENDELSSOHN.

Andante con moto.

SONG.
(GESANG.)

PIANO.

1. Of all the pret-ty darlings e - ver known, un - to my mind the sweet-est is my
1. Von al - len schö-nen Kindern auf der Welt mir ei - nes doch am mei-sten wohl - ge -

own; her mouth is a rose - bud, and gol - den is her hair, I'll love her for e - ver, my
fällt; es hat ein roth Mündlein, und dun - kel-braunes Haar; wohl will ich es lie - ben auch

pearl so fair, I'll love her for e - ver, my pearl so fair!
ganz und gar, wohl will ich es lie - ben auch ganz und gar!

2. Two dim - ples in her cheeks and a dim - ple in her chin, my fan - cy they at once for their
2. Die Grüb - chen in den Wan - gen, das Grüb - chen in dem Kinn, drin war mir gleich ge - fan - gen mein

cresc.
pri - so-ner did win, and oh, her eyes of a - zure, when I look in them well, for e - ver and e - ver with-
gan - zer leich-ter Sinn, und in die blau-en Au - gen, seh' ich da recht hin - ein, da möcht' ich mein Leb - tag ge -

in them I'd dwell! for e - ver and e - ver with - in them I'd dwell.
 fan - gen drin sein! da möcht' ich mein Leb - tag ge - fan - gen drin sein!

f *espressivo*
 3. O Youth, hap - py time of sun and flow'rs! Thy paths are all smi - ling, and of
 3. O Ju - gend, o schö - ne Ro - sen - zeit! Die We - ge, die Ste - ge sind mit

f *legato*
mf

cresc.
 ro - ses thy bow'rs, the Hea - vens are o - pen, the An - gels we can see, the
 Blu - men be - streut, der Him - mel steht of - fen, man schaut die En - ge - lein, der

cresc.

cresc.
 Hea - vens are o - pen, the An - gels we can see. O could I be
 Him - mel steht of - fen, man schaut die En - ge - lein. O könnt' ich, Herz -

f *ritard.*

f *ritard.* *a tempo*
 e - ver, my love; with thee! O could I be e - ver, my love, with thee!
 lieb - chen, stets bei dir sein! O könnt' ich, Herz - lieb - chen, stets bei dir sein!

f *p*

O BIRD THAT USED TO PRESS.

Words by
GEO. ELIOT.

Music by
R. R. TERRY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. O bird that
2. ten - der

used to press Thy head a - gainst my cheek, With touch that seemed to
dow - ny breast, o warm - ly beat - ing heart, Whose beat - ing seemed a

speak And ask a ten - der ten - der yes. Ay de mi my
part Of me that gave it gave it rest. Ay de mi my

bird. Ay de mi my bird.

1. 2.
2. O

OF STRANGE COUNTRIES AND PEOPLE.

Von fremden Ländern und Menschen.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 1.
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderseenen.)

Musical score for Violin and Piano, Op. 15, No. 1. The score is in 2/4 time and D major. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a *dolce* marking for the violin and a *p* marking for the piano. The second system includes *rit.* and *ritard.* markings. The third system begins with *a tempo* and *dolce* markings for the violin, and *a tempo* for the piano. The piano part features a recurring eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN.

Hasche-Mann.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 3.
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderseenen.)

Musical score for Violin and Piano, Op. 15, No. 3. The score is in 2/4 time and D major. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a *sf* marking for the violin and a *sf* marking for the piano. The second system continues the piece. The violin part features a recurring eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The piano part features a recurring eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

Two systems of piano music. The first system consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains several measures of music with dynamic markings *sf* (sforzando) and *f* (forte). The second system consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, also in two sharps. It features more complex piano accompaniment with various dynamics including *sf*, *f*, and *sfz* (sforzissimo). The music is in 2/4 time and includes repeat signs with first and second endings.

THE ENTREATING CHILD.

Bittendes Kind.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 4.
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderszenen.)

VIOLIN. *p dolce*

PIANO. *p* *pp* *p*

The first system of the piece features a violin part and a piano accompaniment. The violin part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. It begins with a *p dolce* (piano, dolce) marking. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and starts with a *p* (piano) marking. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics such as *pp* (pianissimo) and *p*.

The second system continues the violin and piano parts. The violin part has a *ritard.* (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment also features a *ritard.* marking. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics such as *pp* and *p*.

The third system continues the violin and piano parts. The violin part has a *a tempo* marking. The piano accompaniment also features a *a tempo* marking. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics such as *pp* and *p*.

ALMOST TOO SERIOUS.

Fast zu ernst.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 10.
(Scenes of Childhood.— Kinderscenen.)

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/8. The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The violin part has a melodic line with some slurs. The score includes several measures of music, with tempo markings 'a tempo' and 'ritard.' (ritardando) indicating changes in the tempo. The piano part has a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The violin part has a 'ritard.' (ritardando) marking. The score ends with a final measure in the piano part.

FRIGHTENING.

Fürchtenmachen.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 11.
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderszenen.)

VIOLIN.

PIANO. *pp*



più vivace

più vivace

pp



Tempo I.

Tempo I.

pp



SUPPLEMENT
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SONATE

Op. 47

FOR

Violin and Piano

BY

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

With Letterpress, Portrait and Music Parts
SIXPENCE NETT.

From SONATE Op.47

for

VIOLIN and PIANO.

L. v. BEETHOVEN

Adagio sostenuto.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score for the Adagio sostenuto section. The Violin part begins with a half note chord (F#4, C#5) and a half note (F#4), followed by a half note (C#5) and a half note (F#4). The Piano part begins with a half note chord (F#4, C#5) and a half note (F#4), followed by a half note (C#5) and a half note (F#4). The score includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, *cresc.*, and *decresc.*.

Presto.

The second system of the musical score for the Presto section. The Violin part begins with a half note chord (F#4, C#5) and a half note (F#4), followed by a half note (C#5) and a half note (F#4). The Piano part begins with a half note chord (F#4, C#5) and a half note (F#4), followed by a half note (C#5) and a half note (F#4). The score includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, *cresc.*, *decresc.*, *ff*, and *pp*.



HOVER

sc. 1

sc. 2

sc. 3

sc. 4

sc. 5

sc. 6

sc. 7

sc. 8

sc. 9

sc. 10

sc. 11

sc. 12

sc. 13

sc. 14

sc. 15

sc. 16

sc. 17

sc. 18

sc. 19

sc. 20

sc. 21

sc. 22

sc. 23

sc. 24

sc. 25

sc. 26

sc. 27

sc. 28

sc. 29

sc. 30

sc. 31

sc. 32

sc. 33

sc. 34

sc. 35

sc. 36

sc. 37

sc. 38

sc. 39

sc. 40

Handwritten musical score on page 21. The score consists of seven systems of staves, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system includes the marking "cresc." and "p". The second system includes "cresc." and "f". The third system includes "p". The fourth system includes "f". The fifth system includes "f". The sixth system includes "f". The seventh system includes "f". The score is written in a cursive style, typical of 19th-century musical notation.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *sf* (sforzando) and *ff* (fortissimo).

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes dynamic markings like *ff* and *f* (forte).

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *sf* (sforzando).

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *f* decresc. (forte decrescendo), and *p dolce* (piano dolce).

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *cresc.* (crescendo) and *p* (piano).

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *cresc.* (crescendo), *p* (piano), and *Adagio.* (Adagio).

This image shows a page of musical notation, likely for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in several systems, each containing multiple staves. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked "a tempo" at the beginning. The dynamics range from piano (p) to fortissimo (f). The notation includes various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The piece appears to be a complex, possibly virtuosic, work. The notation is dense, with many notes and accidentals. The page is numbered "20" at the bottom left.

arco

sf f

sf f

cresc.

sf cresc.

ff

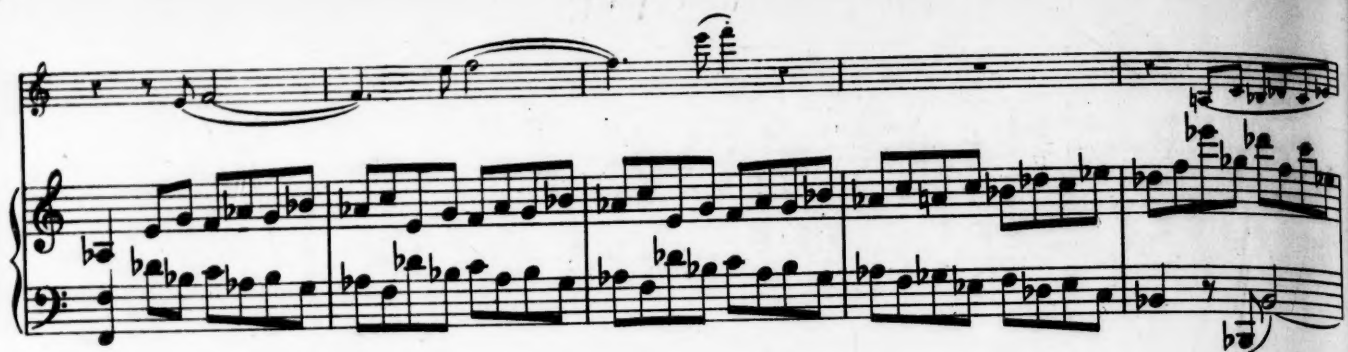
ff

sf f

1. 2.

sf p

This page of musical notation consists of seven systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment of chords. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking in the bass staff. The third system features a more complex texture with multiple voices in both staves. The fourth system shows a continuation of the melodic and harmonic development. The fifth system includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking in the bass staff. The sixth system features a dense texture with many notes in both staves. The seventh system concludes the page with a final melodic phrase in the treble staff and a sustained bass line. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings.





First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cresc.* (twice).

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *ff* (twice), *ritard.* (twice).

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *decresc.*, *pp*, *cresc.*, *a tempo* (twice).

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *ritard.*, *decresc.*, *ritard.*, *p*, *decresc.*.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp*, *a tempo* (twice), *pp*, *p*, *ritard.*.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cresc.*, *ritard.*, *p*, *cresc.*, *ritard.*, *p*, *pp*.

tempo

pp

cresc.

cresc.

pp

cresc.

rallent.

a tempo

cresc.

rallent.

a tempo

f

f



p dolce *cresc.*

p *f* *p*

Adagio. Tempo I.

cresc. *p* *f* *p*

f

f

f

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings such as *sf*.

Second system of musical notation, including a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *pizz.* marking above it.

Third system of musical notation, including a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has an *arco* marking above it.

Fourth system of musical notation, including a treble and bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, including a treble and bass staff. Both staves have *cresc.* markings above them.

Sixth system of musical notation, including a treble and bass staff.

This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with three staves. The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system shows a complex melodic line in the upper staff and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staves. The second system continues this pattern with similar melodic and accompanimental lines. The third system introduces a new melodic line in the upper staff, marked with a *decresc.* (decrescendo) and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The fourth system features a melodic line in the upper staff marked with a *cresc.* (crescendo) and a *pp* dynamic. The fifth system shows a melodic line in the upper staff marked with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic. The sixth system continues the melodic and accompanimental lines. The page is numbered 9 in the bottom right corner.

38549

9

This is a page of a musical score, likely for a piano and voice. The page contains six systems of music. Each system typically consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Key markings include 'f' (forte), 'p' (piano), 'pp' (pianissimo), 'decresc.' (decrescendo), 'Adagio.' (Adagio), and 'a tempo'. There are also asterisks (*) and 'Ria.' markings. The page number '10' is visible in the bottom left corner.

To be continued in the October part.

